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THE FRESHMAN GIRL

A Guide to College Life

BY

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OREGON STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

AND

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UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA



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PREFACE

The transition from high school to college is a difficult and dangerous one. It seems only a step; but that step is across a mighty gulf that separates a girl from home and childhood, and sets her in a new great world where she is to work out her own destiny. The first days at college are almost sure to be a time of great anxiety and strain. All about her is strange and untried. She must now make her own choices. She must direct herself. She finds the intense and pulsating life of the campus fascinating but confusing. She is likely to have hours of loneliness and homesickness. The social attractions, and the insistent appeal of student activities — highly organized and urgently presented — make it very hard for her to weigh and compare values correctly. Too often students come up from their high schools ill-prepared; few high school students have learned the art of study; and as the university instructor is usually severe in his requirements, and as his ways are very different from the ways of her high school teachers, she is likely at first to make sore blunders and poor grades. Then, too, many students have a very vague conception of the real meaning of a college course. In most of our larger institutions a considerable percentage of the Freshman Class is sent home during the year; and in every Freshman Class there are a good many students who stumble and blunder painfully through the year, and if saved, are saved only as by fire.

In view of all this, it seems to us, as instructors and executives, that we owe it to the Freshmen, in some measure at least, to show them the way to the things that are worth while,

and to set the signal lights for them along a somewhat perilous route. And we think that a good number of students will hear and heed. It seems to us that there is almost no type of wisdom so high as that which, by anticipation, can learn from the faults and mistakes, from the virtues and success of others how to choose the right course of action and how to avoid the wrong one. This little book is the result of such convictions and such hopes. Our object is to offer to Freshmen girls the moment they come upon the campus, or a little earlier if possible, a simple, sympathetic, and comprehensive manual that shall be a guide to them through the early and trying days of their college life, and shall set before them sound and inspiring ideals of conduct and character. We have sought to secure the best and most inspiring utterances possible on a given subject. We believe that we have succeeded in this effort. We have been particularly fortunate in getting vital contributions from such eminent men and women as President Mary E. Woolley, Dean L. B. R. Briggs, Dean Thomas A. Clark, Dr. Charles D. Lockwood, President Ada Louise Comstock, Professor Vida D. Scudder, and Mrs. Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale. We desire to express our thanks to the various authors and publishers who have generously permitted us to use material already in print. Due and detailed acknowledgment for such courtesies will be found in the footnotes accompanying these selections.

KATE W. JAMESON
FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

TUCSON, ARIZONA,
May 18, 1925.

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THE FRESHMAN GIRL

“WHITHER?”

PRESIDENT MARY E. WOOLLEY

Mount Holyoke College

“Where are you going?” That may seem a strange question to ask Freshmen who not only know where they are going but have already gone! It is a question that frequently comes into mind when I am waiting in the station of a great city, watching the endless procession of travelers. There are many types: the well-equipped, with luggage perfectly appointed, reservations secured in advance, competence and confidence actually radiating from them; the huddled group of immigrants, their possessions in bulging bundles or tin trunks, bearing the stamp of the Old World as unmistakably as if they were labelled; the late comer, the commuter, snatching his evening paper as he runs, in his flight barely missing the vague person who does not know just when her train does go or from what track and “wobbles” around trying to find out. Yes, they are all there, sophisticated and unsophisticated, competent and incompetent, and many others not so easily labelled.

“Where are they all going?” It would be interesting to know the answer indicated on the railroad tickets, — but there is a deeper sense in which that question is asked.

There are times that are like milestones along the highway that we call life, when we must stop and consider how far we have travelled, or where the road leads. Entering college is one of these times. It would be interesting to call the roll of Freshmen, the thousands upon thousands of them in college and university, and ask whither they are going, for what they are in college. What a variety of answers there would be! Yet in a real sense, all these students, the thousands of them, are in one of two groups, the group of the "workers," or the group of the "slackers." That last word was frequently used during the War and always as a term of reproach. "He's a slacker," — the note of scorn reverberates even now. The word is much less frequent, but the type, alas! has not disappeared over the horizon. There is no community free from him, or her. The slacker is ubiquitous. He — I am using the pronoun in the generic sense — is found in the home and in the shop, on the farm and in the office; even the classroom is not free from his presence.

To qualify for the honorable fellowship of the workers involves certain definite steps. The first is the best possible preparation. The best possible preparation is something more inclusive than training for some particular vocation, important as that is. One of the compensations of advancing age is the realization that nothing ever learned comes amiss. The occasional over-caution of the student not to learn anything that is not "required" is a misconception which will dawn upon him in later years.

A second step is to give the best of oneself to one's work. Last June I read a characterization of Vice-

President Dawes. "General Dawes a one hundred per center" was the heading of the article, which went on to say, "Dawes is the kind of man who, when he is sold on anything, is one hundred per cent sold on it." "Most of us are born seventy-five per centers," the writer adds. To put one hundred per cent of oneself into one's work is a modern way of expressing what the wise man of old had in mind when he said: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

That remark brings one face to face with some startling questions: "What is my one hundred per cent? Is it what I have given people the right to think it is, or is my real one hundred per cent far in excess of that?" "What is my one hundred per cent possibility in the physical line and am I attaining it?" There is a physical development so perfect that the pictured form brings to the beholder a sense of refreshment centuries after the life of the original; I have in my room a photograph of the Hermes of Praxiteles, a work of the fourth century before Christ, which has helped, by its perfection of beauty, to give rest to many a weary hour. It is not, however, perfect physical development that I have in mind, but, rather, physical fitness for one's work in life. The physical examinations at the time we entered the Great War revealed the appalling fact that of the young men of draft age about twenty-five per cent were physically unfit to do the work of the world. Like all forms of education, the development of the physical involves the element of self-denial. It means exercise when we feel lazy, self-restraint when self-indulgent, the leading of a rigorous, self-controlled, wise, and pure life.

"As I see it," says President Comstock of Radcliffe College, "the college problem has little to do with the combatting of disease, and a great deal to do with fostering the increasing strength of people not yet mature, laying the foundation for a strong and capable life." That strikes at the root of the matter. Youth is notoriously prodigal of physical strength and nervous energy. Feeling well and buoyant, it squanders its possessions with little thought of conservation or development. And yet, as Dr. Lockwood reminds us, not only is the happiness of the individual dependent upon health, but also his efficiency and usefulness as a member of society, the exceptions but proving the rule.

What about your one hundred per cent mentality? The achievements of the power of thought are all about us; we accept them as commonplaces, — the automobile, the airplane, the telephone, the radio, toxins and serums, the understanding, alleviation and cure of disease, scientific discovery and invention applied to our modern life at every turn. What contribution to the thought of our day are you preparing to make? Probably not as world famed inventors, — few can be Edisons and Marconis; not as great scholars or artists or writers; not as statesmen or leaders of men. It is not mental giants that the world most needs, but the men and women of normal stature, trained to bring the discipline of thought to bear upon the life of their day. There are too many indifferent, superficial, unthinking human beings, living as mental parasites, making no contribution to the thought of their age, having no part in the solving of its problems or the enrichment of its life.

There is an old fashioned saying, "Food for thought," — variously interpreted. I should like to take as an interpretation the fact that the mind needs nourishment as truly as the body. And what scanty fare we sometimes give it! With the world full of books worth the reading, how strange that we should spend so much of our time with that which is not worth the reading.

"Food for thought" comes from other sources, — from good plays, good music, good speeches and sermons, good conversation. In these days, when "of the making of many books there is no end," in these days of the cheap show and the cheap movie and cheap music, do not starve that life of the mind, God's most wondrous gift to His children.

There are other sides to this realization of the one hundred per cent of a life. "The beautiful is as useful as the useful," said Victor Hugo. "I have seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty," said Emerson. "But they must be marked by fine perception — they must always show self-control; they must be inspired by the good heart." One of the grave dangers of the hustle and bustle of our modern life is the danger to the beauty of living, to courtesy and consideration and graciousness, to manners that are "the happy way of doing things."

What about the one hundred per cent of character, after all the greatest need of our day, without which its problem will never be solved? Are you "setting the noblest free," your best impulses, your most earnest purpose, your highest ideals, realizing that the art of living, with its supreme revelation in the life of Jesus

Christ, is the greatest achievement of the human spirit?

“Whither?”—this question applies not only to the individual. We are proud of belonging to the greatest democracy in the world. But democracy is something more than shouting and tumult, something more even than resolutions and oratory. What it shall be, depends upon you and thousands like you. Are you going to be law-abiding citizens, keeping the law whether it suits your personal preference or not? Or are you going to be practical anarchists, each a law unto himself? You are answering that question in part now by your attitude toward your own college government.

Supreme among the problems of the century is that of world relationships. How is humanity to live in the days to come—the days before us? On the old principle of distrust and suspicion and fear and brute force? Or on a new principle of insight and sympathy and coöperation and goodwill? It is a tremendous problem, and on its solution hang the issues of life or death, for civilization, for humanity itself. Much of the responsibility in the solving of this problem rests upon the United States of America. In other words, as a nation, are we going to be a worker for the world, or a slacker? You, the Freshmen of today, the women of tomorrow, are now preparing to answer that question by your interest in world affairs and your efforts to be informed and intelligent world citizens.

In a recent article, William Lyon Phelps writes: “The work of the world is being carried on by men and women in the dust and heat, and they know that life is neither

a tragedy nor a comedy, but an opportunity." Is that the way in which you are going to look upon life? Will it mean to you an opportunity to prove yourself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed"; a citizen of the United States of America who will help to justify this great experiment of democracy; a citizen of the world, having a part in realizing the brighter day when the world neighborhood will become a brotherhood?

Whither?

GETTING ADJUSTED TO THE CAMPUS

DEAN KATE W. JAMESON

Oregon State Agricultural College

I. FRESHMAN EXPECTATIONS

We expect things in general, but are given things in particular. The more important the event, the more sanguine and large are our expectations. To the average American girl the two most important events in life are her matriculation in college and her matriculation in wedlock. Different in detail as these two matriculations are, they mark two great periods of her progress toward complete womanhood. When she enters college she leaves the narrow circle of her home life and her friends and enters the broader circle of a university community. To this circle she brings expectations and demands which must be changed and modified in the new life she is about to lead.

Of education in general, she thinks that it is a process of having something done to her. Her entire life thus far justifies this expectation. She has been awakened in the morning; she has been dressed by her parents; she has been fed and sent to school; she has been protected from forming friendships that might bring unhappiness; she has occupied a social rank provided by her family's position in the community; in school her teachers have administered education in much the same way that nurses

in a hospital administer anæsthetics. She has been told to take a certain position, to do a certain thing; and she has taken the position and done the thing with more or less good grace. The faith of her parents and teachers was that when she should awaken she would find herself educated. This expectation that a college will do things to a girl is a remnant of the ideology of the finishing school, where proper deportment at a pink tea — a thing important enough in itself — was substituted for stern knowledge.

The Freshman girl who comes to college with this expectation will be disappointed. Here there are few who will concern themselves whether or not she arise in time to meet her classes; whether or not she be properly clothed; whether or not she absorb the lessons of her masters. Education is a process of doing. A university is not a factory. A university produces nothing. It is the students in a university who produce for themselves their culture, their refinement, their vulgarity. A university will fertilize the mind of a Freshman girl, but it cannot do this if there is no mind to begin with. A university will stimulate her intelligence; it will not create intelligence. Cultivation in its broad and good sense is not a training from without; it is the result of training from within. Friends and teachers, though willing and eager to help the Freshman girl, are powerless. They can give her an example — she herself must follow it; they can present her with a precept — but she herself by her own force of character must apply it.

Many Freshman girls think that college years are years of play. And, in a sense, this is true, for the essence of

play is physical or mental activity. It is a challenge to victory. Mathematics, chemistry, and economics offer daily challenges. They are puzzles that must be solved. The campus life and the intellectual competition are in a sense a game which is pleasant or unpleasant as the girl's intellectual and social attitudes are healthy or diseased. I realize that this is not the kind of play most girls look forward to in college. Too many girls believe that the essence of college is its social life, its parties, its dances, and its athletic sports. No one will deny that these are important, but they should only supplement the real activities. Social life may well be called an adjunct to a college education; when we make it more, we are prostituting our heritage.

In addition to these two general expectations, first, that college is a place where education is applied to you, and second, that it is play time, there is a third expectation most worthy and dignified, but none the less erroneous. Many a girl hopes that college will give purpose and direction to her life. She comes to college a bundle of vague aspirations tied by the yarn of goodwill, kindness, and generosity. College, it is believed by parents and students, will clarify these aspirations and direct the other virtues into channels which will lead her to happiness and success. To these people college is a kind of Utopia where all wrong is made right. Here on this green campus, in the midst of these quiet buildings, radiating the light of wisdom, should live the spirit of Peace and Quiet. To this court should come Honest Emulation without his attendant, Envy; Worthy Pride without his attendant, Arrogance; Desire for Growth without his

attendant, Cupidity. In this expectation there is some justice. The atmosphere of a college campus as compared with that of the outside world, I mean that world controlled by men and women who have finally come to the strength of maturity, is a place of quiet and peace; but as compared to the home circle it may appear to be a place of great excitement. I hold it, therefore, a mistake to separate college too far from the outer world, to believe that college will give point or purpose to a life which is purposeless. In a very short time the men and women of the classroom will be the men and women of the marketplace; and their vices are too often more evident in college than they will be later. The young woman on the campus has not learned to conceal her weaknesses as she will learn to conceal them later, and although the spirit of the college campus may seem calm, it is to the participants a spirit of great unrest. The Freshman girl with vague aspirations may find that she is forced by the very bitterness of the competition to weld for herself a personality and character that will be both directed and of great force. But this is incidental. A college cannot supply you with a vocation or a trade. While at college you may find your vocation, but this, like many other good things, may be found by the way.

Does it not all amount to this in the end — that college life is lived by human beings and that, therefore, it is human life? From this life a girl may carry away whatever she is strong enough to bear, much or little, good or bad. In adjusting herself to this life she must make many sacrifices in order to gain advantages, but whatever is done *she* must do.

II. PHYSICAL ADJUSTMENT TO THE CAMPUS

The Freshman girl usually comes to college from a fairly comfortable home. Be it large or small, she has felt that this home is hers and that she may spend her time in any one of the several rooms she prefers. Soon after she reaches college she finds herself sharing with another girl one of many small rooms in a very large building. She wonders how two can possibly live here. At home all rooms — library, living-room, kitchen, and den — were hers to share with her family, which meant to use as she pleased. Here she finds that she must spend the greater part of her time in one room where she is expected to dress, to prepare her lessons, to meet her girl friends. Drawing-rooms and reception-rooms are provided, but they must be shared with hundreds of other girls. Adapting herself to these living conditions presents a very real problem, a problem which usually arises the second month of her life on the campus. During the first month dormitory life is something of a lark, and she experiences a sense of exhilaration in getting acquainted with her room, the buildings, and the campus. Soon the room is too small and the buildings too old; and with the first attack of homesickness she is willing to give up all the joys of college life and all the hopes for an education to be able once more to present herself at the familiar board.

But physical adjustment involves more than adjustment to one room. It involves adjustment to a roommate and other members of the residential hall. The Freshman girl has been living with her family. Their

personalities, whims, and pet aversions have been recognized for so many years as a part of the scheme of things that she may forget in the early weeks of college that any member of her family did have habits of life to which adjustment was necessary.

In college she will be living with a roommate whom she may never have seen before. This girl, who is possibly as immature as she is herself, comes from a family with just as marked, though different, habits. This is the first social test the Freshman girl will have to meet. Can she adjust herself to the presence of this other person, to the very intimate presence of this other person, who is to share with her a very small room for a very long time? In making this adjustment the Freshman girl will need to learn many lessons. She will have to learn what questions one may ask, and on what topics one must maintain silence. She will have to learn to respect property rights of others as she has never respected them before. She will have to learn to keep her own belongings in their proper places, so that the room may not present an untidy appearance. If her allowance is less than the allowance of her roommate, she will have to learn to do without many things her friend can afford; and if her allowance is greater, she will have to learn tact and an appreciation of the sensitiveness of others. These are all problems of physical, one might almost say nervous, adjustment because they mean that the two nervous systems must learn to work in harmony with one another and not chafe each other into a condition of anger and resentment.

In the matter of ideals another problem appears. The ideals of two girls may be so different that what seems

utterly and absolutely right to one may seem utterly and absolutely wrong to another. This is not a problem peculiar to college life. It is a problem, too, of practical life, and the course of action which one adopts must be the result of thoughtful meditation. One idea may be better than another or they may both be good. Learning to maintain your own ideals without arrogance and to tolerate those of others without condescension is one of the hardest tasks which the Freshman girl will meet in her new life. In the strict sense of the word, her college education began the minute she entered that small dormitory room and hung her clothes in that smaller portion of space assigned to her. And no matter how much learning she may absorb, how much mental training she may receive, nothing will be more difficult than her first lesson — learning to adapt herself to the rights of others, for doing this she is not only learning to recognize the rights and opinions of others, but, what is of infinitely more value, the lesson of self-control. For the problem of physical adjustment involves the problem of self-control, of getting along without things, the lessons of tolerance, tact, quick understanding, and sympathy, and, most of all, learning to do the thing one feels should be done even though the thing is in itself unpopular or unpleasant.

III. SOCIAL ADJUSTMENT TO THE CAMPUS

Whether the problem of physical adjustment is or is not difficult depends upon the personality of the girl. The problem of social adjustment will present more subtle difficulties. At home her family occupied a certain

position in the social life of the community. There she found herself and, whether she liked it or not, there she was. The status of her birth gave her certain social privileges. Through no effort of her own, she enjoyed these privileges. But in college she learns, much to her chagrin, that at first nobody, or at most only a few students, know anything about her or her family. She is one of a thousand or more Freshman girls; receives no more and no less than any other one of the nine hundred and ninety-nine girls. She soon learns that any prestige that she may wish to attain will have to be the result of her own efforts; namely, her scholarship, her conduct, her personal appearance, her attitude toward the problems and standards of the college. In short, if she is to be somebody, it will be the result of her own, not her parents' efforts, and her own scholarship, not the financial or social standing of her parents.

This fact may be definitely impressed upon her when she finds that a certain girl from home, a girl of whom she took little notice, who was never invited to her parties, whose father and mother perhaps worked in a humble capacity, is spoken of in the very highest terms by her instructors; is respected by teachers and classmates, because of her ability as a student, her poise, and her stand on questions of character and conduct. College life in America is in this sense a democratic life.

The Freshman girl, too, must solve the problem of friends. At home her friends were largely the result of local conditions. They were the people with whom she had gone to school, the neighbors among whom she had grown up. They accepted her and she accepted them,

as one accepts the sunshine of a bright morning, as part of the world we are permitted to enjoy. She had little to do in the selection of friends. They were a part of the natural course of events. At college things are changed. The Freshman girl must make her own friends as she must make her own life, and her choice will determine, to a large extent, the kind of girl she is.

“’Tis true that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends”

runs an old proverb. The Freshman girl must also see that she is worthy to receive the friendship of those she has chosen. Let her not believe that friendship can be accepted without concurrent responsibilities. For friendship, though it brings many advantages, requires self-control, tact, and human insight. The cynical Polonius advised his son to bind to him his tested friends. The point of view of Polonius is not that of the modern girl; but the wisdom of Polonius was that of a man of the world. He understood well the advantages of having the right friends, and he knew also that friends may not be discarded at will like an old frock. Friendship is a relation which will, in its effects, persist throughout a girl's life. If enmity succeed it, that enmity will be the more bitter because it followed intimacy.

Epictetus, a Roman slave, who was also a very wise man, is reported to have said, “If thou wouldst be well spoken of, learn to speak well of others. When thou hast learned to speak well of them, learn to think well of them.” The friends of the Freshman girl will be those who are interested in the things she is interested in, whose person-

alities are, in a sense, harmonious with hers. This is a danger. The Freshman girl who has studied her character well, and who knows wherein lie her weaknesses, must be on her guard that it be not by her weaknesses that she attract her friends, but rather by her strength. She will see many in college who are more popular than she. Of these some will have deserved their popularity; others will have achieved it without desert, because their amiable weaknesses attract, rather than their sterling strength. The friendship of the latter type is pleasant but vicious.

College introduces another new element into the personal relationships of the Freshman girl. In college she must deal not only with individuals but with individuals organized into groups. Soon after her arrival on the campus, she will meet a new situation, which may cause happiness or unhappiness; whether happiness or unhappiness, will depend to a large extent upon her character. The new situation that confronts her is rather bewildering at first. She is surprised at the interest displayed for her happiness. She is introduced to a new vocabulary: "sorority," "rushing," and "bids." She is confused with the multitude of combinations of Greek letters, words she never heard of, which she can neither pronounce nor comprehend. She tries to understand why she receives so many invitations and her roommate none, or why the roommate receives the invitations while she is ignored. In short, she is entering upon one of the most difficult phases of college life, namely, sorority "rushing." After a time she realizes that sororities are groups of girls banded together by secret vows for the purpose of friend-

ship and more comfortable and happy living. Her own circle of friends at home grew or diminished in what seemed a natural way, depending on circumstances over which she or they had little control. But in college these groups of friends, living together under the title of certain Greek letters, add to their numbers by direct invitation. The Freshman girl has no choice except as invitations come to her. Once admitted to a group, she will be associated with its members during her entire college career. If she can pass successfully through the "rushing" season without having her head turned or her heart broken, she will have made a wonderful start in the right direction, and will have mastered one of those valuable lessons that living in college alone can teach her — one that cannot be learned from books.

Sooner or later she will learn that the dean of women, older girls, or perhaps members of the faculty, notice her bewilderment and try to help her. If she is sensible she will go to someone and ask what it all means. She will be told that sororities are groups of girls who live together, and, with the help of the dean of women, choose their own housemother, who takes to a certain extent the place of their own mother at home. She will learn that sororities are the natural result of conditions that existed in co-educational schools when women were first given the privilege of higher education. In those days colleges and universities were for men only. Later, when women were admitted, no attention was paid to their special needs. There were no residence halls for women. They had to find friends who would take them in, or had to rent rooms in some boarding-house. It was perfectly

natural, then, that groups of such girls should unite. To give point and purpose to such group living, mottoes were chosen and ideals established to which all who joined the group had to submit. As groups of girls of similar ideals were organized on various campuses, leaders united and formed national organizations. Officers of these organizations look after the groups in different schools and in every way possible try to uphold the standards on which the organization is founded. Thus it is that in the early days sororities offered solutions for many existing evils, and because they are still valuable in providing places to live, in establishing high standards of scholarship, in giving the members valuable lessons in leadership and training in business management, college authorities permit them to continue, for it is only of late that Boards of Regents consider girls of enough importance to build residential halls for them; and even today there are few colleges or universities that supply adequate dormitory space for their women students. In this way sororities originated and continue to exist.

But as seniors leave college every June, new members must fill their places. Great care is given to the choice of girls from the Freshman class. The newly chosen girl must be congenial to all members, as she will live with them as a sister; she must exemplify the ideals of the group as to scholarship and character; hence many invitations are given to members of the incoming classes to such social affairs as will give opportunity of getting acquainted. The Freshman girl may have many friends in one or more groups. If so, she will no doubt receive many invitations to social functions. If she has no

acquaintances in college and no friends connected with sororities, she may not be invited until she is better known on the campus. It is possible and often happens that a girl may live on a campus four years, be an honor student, a leader in college activities, and yet not be invited to join a fraternity, because the group in which she would fit, with her particular temperament and character and tastes, does not exist on that campus. A girl often feels that there is something wrong with her if she is not invited to join a sorority. This girl should remember that there are relatively few types of human beings, and she must belong to one of them. If she belongs to the type that is happier living as an individual instead of in a group, she will probably never be asked to join a sorority, or she will refuse to join if she is invited.

How is the girl who has just arrived on the campus to meet this sorority problem? She should know, first of all, whether she is ready to take upon herself all the responsibilities of group living — its expenses, its associations, its self-sacrifices and denials, and its stand for ideals. She should know that there are many honor sororities, open to those who can meet the scholastic standards, and that there are many college activities — athletic, journalistic, dramatic, and literary — that provide free and easy access to other students and that afford congenial companionship. The individual element — temperament, personal idiosyncrasies — does not enter, as these groups do not live together. Let the Freshman girl choose the activity that appeals to her talent, and work wholeheartedly to achieve distinction in it.

IV. INTELLECTUAL ADJUSTMENT TO THE CAMPUS

21905 The difficulties I have mentioned thus far are such as will call forth judgment and self-control. They can all be mastered with more or less difficulty, depending to a large extent upon the girl's will power and ideals. But other difficulties will be awaiting her which no power of self-determination will change. I refer to her standing in the classroom. If the Freshman girl comes from a small high school she may have had no difficulty in maintaining the highest scholastic standing there. Her fellow students were chosen from a limited geographical area; many of them were in high school because of the desire of their parents or the requirement of the local education law, rather than because of their own personal interest. In college students are chosen from a much larger area. Instead of the school district, the area now comprises the entire state, and in large institutions the entire world. She who was first in a small Alpine village now finds that she is fiftieth in Rome. In spite of all her efforts she finds herself outclassed. When asked for arguments for or against the subject discussed, she may find other members of the class thinking much more clearly and rapidly, and expressing themselves much more concisely than she can. She may try harder than ever to assume the place of leadership so easily held at home, only to find at the end of the term that she is still far from the top. She is now face to face with the fact that each human being is endowed with a certain amount of brain power and that college will never add to the original amount. It will develop what she has, but not add to it.

She learns that college is a place for the discipline and training of her mental powers; that it matters little where she stands in relation to others in the class, if she is making the most of herself. To be able to study a subject for her own mental discipline, to find joy in that discipline, to make the most of her talents by hard work, and to rejoice in using them for purposes that seem valuable, is a most excellent lesson for her to learn. And to accept gracefully the fact that another person has far more ability than she and to appreciate that ability, is still more valuable.

There is a tradition among undergraduates that it is well to work hard during the first year to "make a reputation," because after that one will be accepted on trust. This is a sound tradition, but the conclusion is not correct. A girl who can work hard during her Freshman year, the period of difficult adjustment to college life, will find after she has become adjusted that the work which at first was hard now becomes easy. Having established good habits of work she will find that the work can be done with constantly decreasing effort in her later years of college life. She will not be accepted on trust, although in later years when she looks back she may believe that the only really hard and unpleasant work that she did at college was done during the first few months when all things seemed new and strange. Thus the tradition to work hard in the Freshman year has a considerable element of truth in it.

In another chapter you will learn the best way to form study habits. Failure to master these properly will lead to real sorrow in college life. It may be that your high

school requirements were soft; and judging the present by the past, you may feel no special urge to master the daily assignments. As no one is likely to warn you, you may fall into the easy habit of procrastination. Before you realize it, the evil days of examination are upon you, and in spite of vain regrets for wasted time, the inevitable happens; your poor grades are recorded, and the only thing left for you to do, if you are permitted to remain and if you have the proper spirit, is to turn over a new leaf. You will now become your own task-master — the proud captain of your own destiny. For the first time you will have learned that college education means, among other things, the art of taking responsibility.

Since our education cannot be measured by books or lecture notes, but is rather the result of our efforts to acquire a love of truth and a sympathy with and understanding of the manifold aspects of life, it is well for the Freshman girl to consider the personality of the instructor under whom she sits. I do not wish to minimize the value of the instructor who holds the student to careful and conscientious effort. His labors are needed and are most valuable, but added to a knowledge of the subject-matter and ability to impart that subject-matter must be the power to arouse a love for the subject taught, a love so strong that the student will continue her research in that field even after her college days are over. It is well for the undergraduate to keep this in mind when she builds up her schedule. Under certain circumstances she will do well to study a subject which has little interest for her for the sake of coming under the influence of a great personality.

V. THE COLLEGE AND THE WORLD

It is well for the Freshman to realize also that all experience — not only classroom experiments and lectures, but also her relations with students and instructors — contributes to the enrichment of her life and aids in giving direction of effort to carry out that life. Let her not be too conscientious in the literal mastery of the assignment to the detriment of getting an understanding of the relation of the subject-matter to the universe at large. It is a common complaint among students that they have no time for outside reading; their work, they say, requires so much assigned reading they have no time for current literature. This is a great mistake and means a loss to the student, for rarely does a person find more time for reading when she is in the stress of actual business or a profession than when she is in college. College students should surround themselves with the best literature and form the habit of reading something every day, be that portion ever so small. Four valuable years are yours — how can you make better use of them than by establishing as one of your college habits that of communing with great spirits of today or yesterday through the printed word?

Many girls come to college with the purpose of preparing themselves for a distinct vocation. College years they regard as years of building, and they hope that upon graduation they will have constructed a stately edifice whose cloud-capped towers will dominate a vast terrain, an edifice builded of blocks of knowledge, tight, compact, and well fitted to resist the storms that may break upon

it. Too frequently students of this kind think only of the stately superstructure, the towers and banners and pleasant rooms, and forget the deep and broad foundations. This is evidently an error. College years are not years of building; they are years of digging. Let the foundations in college be well laid and the edifice will rise of itself during years of maturity. In this process the young student must be intellectually alert. Not all that is excavated is waste. The pianist must devote many weary hours to the simple mastery of finger exercises before he dare attempt a sonata. Multiplication tables must be mastered before higher mathematics is possible.

Fortunate is that Freshman girl who is advised to go beyond her special courses and who has the good judgment to heed that advice. By so doing, she will, in the words of the French philosopher, be truly cultured, for she may then enter with ease and completeness into the spirit of things and the intention of persons; and while not neglecting the drudgery of training in the fundamentals, she may, unlike her untrained sister, arrive at the end by the shortest route.

The fortunate student is the one who takes the middle of the road; who begins her career as a student with an open mind and a goodly amount of intellectual curiosity. She will enter with enthusiasm into the new fields which are opened for her, and combine with the drudgery connected with their mastery the joy of new experiences. As a result of these new experiences she will sooner or later find her life-work. It is well for students who spend the greater part of their time contemplating some specialized department of knowledge to meet with men and women

whose interests are different and discuss with them the broader problems and relations which exist between their specialty and life as it is lived by the multitude. It is well for the historian to meet and talk with the physicist; and for the physicist to talk with the student of literature; and for the student of literature to talk with the mathematician. For through these discussions will be cultivated the sense that all knowledge is, after all, only different ways of regarding the universe, which is at bottom not many things, but one thing finding expression in many ways. Courses in college are not in themselves unified and complete. They are no more than devices for presenting in many ways that unity which is at the basis of all knowledge. As the direction of a line cannot be determined from one point only, or even two points which lie close together, so the unity and fullness of knowledge cannot be appreciated from one study or group of studies only, but must be seen from as many widely diverse points of view as possible. If we abandon the simile of the line and substitute the simile of a mountain climb, the point may gain in clearness. Down in the valley, surrounded by dense shrubbery and trees, the work, though narrow, seems intimate, close, and warm. The flowering mountain plants seem our sisters and the singing insects and timid game, our brothers. We have a sense of the towering eminences above us, but we fail to see them; they are too high, they are too imminent. With each step upward the landscape changes; the trees give way to shrubs over which one sees better, the undergrowth gives way to mountain meadows, and the meadows to bare rocks and crags. The air which below was close

and sultry becomes cold and stimulating; and finally, as one mounts the last crag and looks through the thin, unsentimental air back on the valley from which the journey began, that valley is seen to be only a part of a larger depression, that depression of a basin, that basin of a continent, and that continent of a universe. Having mounted many a minor eminence, the student gazing from that top which is the summit of them all will feel

“ . . . like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortés when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific — and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.”

VI. CONCLUSION

What may the college community expect from the college girl? She must come with an open mind and a willingness to take advantage of all opportunities that college offers her; she must accept hardship if need be; she must be able to do the hard thing without flinching or whining or complaint, realizing that no victory worthy of the name can be won without struggle; she must exercise her best judgment in the choice of friends, — choosing not one or two only, or such as look up to her, but carefully gather to herself such men and women as will challenge her to rise in her ideals and purposes; she must exercise such self-control as will lead successfully to the formation of right life habits; she must take up her daily tasks in the spirit of joyous adventure. Too soon the years

of preparation will be over and the college Freshman of today will be one of the thousands of college women trying to find the place in the world which her training has prepared her to occupy. The world today receives her graciously. As she had no difficulty in gaining admittance to the higher institution of learning which she chose to attend, so she will find many positions of honor and trust open to her. In the economic world of today women have come into their own. Whether or not this state will continue depends to a great extent on the type of graduate the colleges and universities send out. The mere fact that a young woman possesses a strip of parchment with the seal of a recognized institution of learning, as evidence of four years of work successfully performed, will not be sufficient unless she is able to do the task as well, yes, a bit better than her friend or competitor. She must have learned how to live, how to choose her food, her rest, her recreation, how to keep her body fit for the performance of her tasks. She must carry with her to her life-work the lesson that she learned the first day in her little dormitory room — how to adjust her own wishes to the rights of others, how to take the hard things, the inconveniences, perhaps in equipment, or whatever they may be, as part of the job. In short, she must prove control over herself — her mind, her body, her spirit — so that she can most successfully perform the duties she has undertaken to do, or she will be of little value to her employer, be he business manager or college president. Important as these things are, they are not the only elements necessary to her success. She must prove first of all that she has really mastered the under-

lying principle upon which her task rests; she must show open-mindedness in the study of the tasks before her, accuracy, steadiness, even to plodding devotion — in short, the same elements which made for success in the classroom are essential here. If she bring all these elements to her work she will surely succeed in a measure; but she will succeed better if she bring two more things; namely, an enthusiastic devotion which will call forth happy participation, and a talent for seeing beyond the present task. This ability of forming a synthesis between the details of the task in hand and the entire undertaking, a synthesis fused by the imagination, should differentiate the college graduate from the untrained citizen.

I have thus far spoken of success in terms of material value. But I would not have the young women who read these pages stop here. "Education," said Milton, "is that training which prepares a man best for the performance of all the duties of peace and of war." The young woman who comes to college for an education should prepare herself for more than the ability to earn money. She must be ready to perform the duties of the ideal citizen whether these bring material reward or not. She must know how to live and work for the satisfaction of a task well done.

The real value to our civilization today and tomorrow will come from the new point of view that women will bring to the solution of its problems. The old-fashioned virtues — sympathy, kindness, interest in the health and happiness of her fellow men, high moral standards — all these will make her really valuable. The woman

who prepares to enter the economic or professional world on the same basis as men will only add to the number of workers. The one who brings to her task those qualities which have in the past been termed feminine — the qualities of womanliness — will be really contributing a new factor to the solution of the world's problems. Whether this new point of view will solve many or any of the riddles cannot be foretold. Your task it is to make the best use of your opportunity and enter the race with the joyousness of one who has been permitted to gaze into a new realm filled with unbounded opportunities. Give the best strength of your youth and training to the task, and, whether you succeed or not, justify as far as it lies in your power to do so, the great privilege that has been yours — of enjoying with your brothers the advantage of a broad college education.

THE COLLEGE GIRL'S MIND¹

PROFESSOR VIDA D. SCUDDER

Wellesley College

It is normal for elderly folk to be disconcerted by the rising generation; but since the War, the outcry of shocked distress, especially about our girls, has been a little louder than usual. Perhaps a brief glance at the other side of the shield may be cheering. For bobbed hair, made-up faces, a taste for jazz and a distaste for chaperons, light-spoken familiarity with much that grandmother never knew, and a general attitude of fevered defiance are very far from the whole story.

A college teacher of many years' standing likes to bear witness that she never enjoyed youth more than now. In the last century, when women students were still a picked lot, and earnest sentimentality plus lingering trouble over the Darwinian theory was an ordinary pose, one never encountered more keen and serious thinking than one does in the young women of today. Manners have changed; but not so much, after all. Even if girls no longer move with ankles entangled in their skirts, even if their emancipated feet are several sizes larger than of old, essentials remain. The freed legs and ankles imply

¹ Reprinted from *The New Republic* of October 1, 1924, by special permission of the author and the publishers.

more freedom in the attack on life; but the gentleness, dignity, and gayety which mark the well-bred woman are not hard to find; simplicity and modesty are still native to girlhood.

It would be dull and untrue to paint a rose-colored picture. Girls with strained faces and piteous, sullen ways (these come, one often finds, from homes ravaged by divorce), noisy girls, vulgar girls, girls clever and unpleasant, do sometimes force themselves on the attention. Yet, by and large, the "granddaughters" whom the colleges begin to receive, are much like their mothers. The years around twenty have always been for women a difficult period of adjustment in family relations. In some ways the problem grows easier, in some harder, as the rational feminine demand for economic independence and satisfying occupation gains more recognition. But a great many college girls appear really to love their fathers and mothers; and a reasonable per cent of them make fairly intelligent choice when it comes to getting married, and establish fairly satisfactory homes of their own.

As for their intellectual activities — ah, now we are at the angle from which this article contemplates the student. A teacher moving through the buzzing corridors of her institution between classes may murmur to herself the Wordsworthian line:

"The face of every one
Who passes by me is a mystery."

What are they thinking about, these young people? Oh for a cross-section of the ideas of youth in 1924! Now

the X-ray to photograph the contents of consciousness is not yet invented; but once in a blue moon the classroom can offer a clumsy substitute.

First meeting of the class. Twenty-five unknown faces; languid some, eager some, curious all. Longing for that X-ray takes sudden possession of the instructor. Instead of questioning the students, she will bid them question her: a time-honored pedagogic device, as old as Socrates.

"Please taken ten minutes to write for me five questions on which you would like to receive light from the reading to be done in this course." The subject of the course, by the way, appears in the catalogue as "Social Ideals in English Letters."

Heads black, brown, yellow, straight and curly, bobbed and fluffed, bend intently over the paper. Girls are really more attractive than kittens, thinks the instructor dreamily, as she leans back for her ten minutes, shapes her inward ambitions for her new class, and wonders what Mr. Addison or Mr. Shakespeare would think of their occupation.

"Time up!" Papers handed in. And here they are, presented more or less at random, classified a little, but not reworded:

"Can we ever have perfect international understanding, and preserve at the same time a love for our own country and a sense of its special importance?" More students agree on this question than on any other; nine have written it down, with varied phrasing.

"How meet the problem of racial antagonisms, especially in America?" Three students.

"Is communism possible? Can class distinctions ever be done away with?" It is surprising to find how small a number have put this type of question. And only one student, the teacher observes with a sigh of relief, has asked, "Is war ever justifiable?"

But more than one put most of the following, though wording naturally varied:

"Must we destroy what we have in order to start anew?"

"How far can the idealist countenance compromise?"

"Were the status of the classes reversed, should we be better off? What in such case would be the policy of the working class?" "How can forces of heredity and environment be so controlled that we may gain quality?" "Is a middle class desirable?" "If equality is to prevail, can art and letters be fostered?" "How combine democracy and efficiency?"

"What does literature show as the chief forces operative in the transition from an aristocratic regime to our own?"

"Is there a definite sequence in evolutionary stages, which cannot be broken or abridged? Or could a stage conceivably be skipped?" (Probably she is thinking of Russia; a debate on recognition of the Soviet Government is imminent.)

"How remove the stigma attached to the word Labor?"

"Why is the person who struggles for a living least regarded in law? Or is this really the case?" "How make workers appreciate managers who are trying to benefit them?" "What should be the next step in improving labor conditions?"

"Differing attitudes of the church and law: for instance on divorce. Justifiable?"

"The relation of religion to social progress." "Relation of the college girl to the working girl." "What can thinking students of America do to help the world?" (Easy to answer: "Think some more," remarks the teacher.) "Are service and self-expression compatible?"

"Would outward change facilitate inward change?" "How far should the state control the individual?" "In the light of human nature, can we hope for the perfect state?"

"Are the 'times' never ready for the ideas?" And a miscellaneous lot, too long to list, dealing with eugenics, with education, with the status of woman, with policy toward the dependent, defective, and delinquent classes. Also — plaintive enquiry — "How *can* a thing like the Ku Klux Klan exist in America?"

These questions were no result of suggestion from the teacher, or of study accomplished. They were written down *impromptu* before the year's work had begun, and by students who in many cases had taken no previous work in sociology. Nor were the students chosen in any special way, except as a free elective course draws those of a certain type to it. The college cannot, at least on its academic side, claim credit or responsibility for putting these things into the girls' minds. There they were, pressing for utterance. And if you want a cross-section of the mind of youth, peruse these paragraphs.

Well! It is for the sake of young people seeking the solution of questions like these that colleges exist, primarily. And it is because there are many such young people that the teacher, in spite of all attacks on our goose-step march in education, dares to regard these

ancient institutions as true centers of the ageless quest for wisdom.

But one marks the little papers in a sober mood, aware that on some of the questions — that concerning international relations, for instance — the experience of the English race as recorded in literature throws little or no direct light; and wondering what will have happened to the minds of the young pioneers by the end of the academic year.

HOW TO STUDY

DEAN FRANCIS CUMMINS LOCKWOOD

University of Arizona

I

Professor Lounsbury of Yale once wrote, — and he had a college student in mind, — “We must view with profound respect the infinite capacity of the human mind to resist the introduction of useful knowledge.” The remark is not quite so exact as it is witty. There is, to be sure, a strange indifference to the pursuit of knowledge on the part of tens of thousands of college youth who are spending much gold — and time more precious than gold — with the avowed purpose of getting an education. But it is easy to set over against this dull herd of drifters shining examples of boys and girls who have craved knowledge more than meat and drink.

The American wizard, Thomas A. Edison, often becomes so absorbed in the work of his laboratory that he forgets all about his meals, and sometimes even goes without sleep for long periods in order that he may hold his mind steadily to a given task. Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke College, when at last she was able to enter an academy, “paid for her board with two coverlets, spun, woven, and dyed by herself.” At first she was a laughing stock of the academy because of her blue homespun dress and her social crudities. But it was not for long. “She consumed a Latin grammar over Sunday, and recited the

whole on Monday. She was at her books, if report be true, on an average of twenty hours a day. A girl whom she asked to share her seat admits, 'I did, and pursued the same branches as far as I could keep up.' 'She is all intelligence,' people said, 'she does not know that she has a body to care for.' "

Elizabeth Cady Stanton had a burning ambition to show her father that she was as good as a boy. She could hurdle a ditch or fence with the best of her boy companions; and at the academy, as a triumphant evidence that sex was no barrier to intellect, "she carried off a prize — a Greek Testament — in rivalry with a class of boys much older than herself." Says the biographer of Harriet Beecher Stowe, "The lessons in school fascinated her — the arithmetic, the Latin and French, the painting; and she must have studied faithfully, for she assisted the teacher, in charge of pupils as old as herself." Clara Barton was twelve years younger than any of her brothers or sisters, so the whole family had a hand in her education. Her brother David taught her horsemanship; her other brother mathematics, her father history, and her sisters, who were both public school teachers, literature and geography. "These seeds of book learning fell upon fertile soil. The sisters probably wished it a little less fertile when she woke them up, before light of a cold winter morning, to find places on the map by the flare of a tallow candle."

At sixteen Julia Ward Howe left school. Up to this time she had been a dreamer rather than a student. But now she resolved to excel in her studies. "She accordingly laid out for herself a strenuous course, including

French, German, literature, history, and philosophy. For each subject she set aside regular hours of the day; and lest the temptation to play should overpower her in these hours, she coaxed the maid to tie her fast in a chair."¹

"Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability." Roger Ascham, the famous old schoolmaster, in a charming and memorable passage, gives us some idea of the delight Lady Jane Grey found in her studies. "Before I went into Germany," he writes, "I came to Brodedge in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park; I found her, in her chamber, reading *Phaedon Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen read a merrie tale in Boccaccio. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would leave such pastime in the Park. Smiling, she answered, I wis all' their sport in the Park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant. And how came you, Madame, quoth I, to this deep knowledge of pleasure and what did chiefly allure you into it: seeing not many women but very few men have attained thereunto? I will tell you, quoth she, and tell you a truth which perchance you will marvel at, one of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe

¹ The anecdotes quoted above concerning the student life of certain famous women are taken from *Heroines of Modern Progress*, by Elmer C. Adams and Warren Dunham Foster; New York, Sturgis and Walton, 1913.

parents and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eate, drink, be merrie, or sad, be sowing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it as it were in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfitly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly treated, yes presently sometimes, with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name, for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

Alice Freeman Palmer, of Wellesley fame, exemplifies the delight that accompanies studious effort in college. She had great handicaps, and she was beset by poverty. But her husband says, writing of her student days: "Yet anxieties seem rather to have caused elation over what was already had than depression over what might be missed. College training had so long been desired that it was welcome now on any terms.

"And indeed on almost any terms it is delightful. For most of us the period of learning is a period of romance. We are young, and all things are possible. Every circumstance is novel, calculated in some way to serve our growth

and happiness. Even those of us who have spent our early years in toil learn at last how to profit by play. We make a few intimate friends and a wide circle of acquaintances. We fashion our ideals, compare them with those about us, and have them sharply criticized. The physical world more deeply discloses its wonders. Through many avenues we enter into the heritage of the race. Whatever is precious in the past and has been thought worth preserving in the caskets called books is offered for our enrichment. And in our teachers we have wise guides who not only conduct us to these treasures, but point out their human significance. It must be an abnormal girl or boy who does not count such years happy.”¹

It has always seemed to me that of all ugly and hateful women, Queen Elizabeth was the ugliest and most hateful. Perhaps no woman was so lavishly bedecked with outward ornaments and at the same time so destitute of the inward graces of the soul. Yet one inner grace she did possess, and this was the ornament of learning, of intellectual vivacity. Green, the historian, writes concerning her that, “Even among the highly-trained women who caught the impulse of the New Learning she stood in the extent of her acquirements without a peer. Ascham tells us how keen and resolute was Elizabeth’s love of learning, even in her girlhood. At sixteen she already showed ‘a man’s power of application’ to her books. She had read almost the whole of Cicero and a great part of Livy. She began the day with the study of the New Testament in Greek, and followed this up by reading selected orations of Isoc-

¹ *The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer*, by George Herbert Palmer. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston, 1908.

rates and the tragedies of Sophocles. She could speak Latin with fluency and Greek moderately well. Her love of classical culture lasted through her life. . . . She could already speak French and Italian as fluently as her mother tongue."

The ornament of learning hung no less richly, and perhaps more attractively, upon the character of that marvelous American girl, Margaret Fuller. At fifteen, she writes: "I rise a little before five, walk an hour, and then practice on the piano till seven, when we breakfast. Next, I read French — Sismondi's *Literature of the South of Europe* — till eight; then two or three lectures in Brown's *Philosophy*. At half-past nine I go to Mr. Perkins' school, and study Greek till twelve, when, the school being dismissed, I recite, go home and practice again till dinner at two. Then, when I can, I read two hours in Italian."¹ Dr. James Freeman Clarke, writing of Margaret Fuller when she was nineteen, says her "friendship was to me a gift of the gods. With what eagerness did she seek for knowledge! What fire, what exuberance, what reach, grasp, overflow of thought, shown in her conversation! And what she was thus to me, she was to many others."

Hundreds of modern women may be cited as examples of the "ability" that comes from studies. Maria Mitchell devoted her life to the study of astronomy. She discovered a new telescopic comet, and as a result was awarded a gold medal by the King of Denmark. She was honored by astronomers throughout the world, and was the first woman to be admitted to the American Academy of Arts

¹ *Lives of Girls Who Became Famous*. Sarah K. Bolton. T. Y. Crowell & Co. New York.

and Sciences. Madame Marie Curie has been from girlhood an ardent and arduous student of mathematics, physics, and chemistry. She was born in Warsaw, and her maiden name was Sklodowska. While she was carrying on her scientific work in Paris, as a young girl, "her progress as a laboratory worker had attracted the attention of Pierre Curie, 'a gifted young man,' several years older than herself, who was much impressed by the failure of Becquerel to continue the researches suggested by his astonishing experience with the protected photographic plate. Pierre Curie had an idea that fluorescence had something to do with it. Mademoiselle Sklodowska suggested an electrical examination of minerals containing uranium and thorium, but Curie pointed out that many abstruse mathematical calculations must be verified before such a procedure could be thought of. The young lady dumbfounded the young man with a quiet assurance that all calculations were verified — she had seen to this herself. Curie had a theory regarding chemical action by vapor due to salt, but the young lady talked him out of this idea with such a wealth of technical learning that he confessed himself staggered by such attainments in a girl. 'I wonder, Monsieur,' she retorted, nettled, 'where you can have imbibed your strange notions of a woman's limitations. I do not deny the validity of your theories on the ground that you are a man.' " Together she and Curie discovered the radio-active elements, and together they received the prizes and awards for this discovery, a part of the Nobel prize for physics in 1903 going to them. In 1911, in her own right, she received the Nobel prize for chemistry.

Jane Addams for a generation has studied certain acute needs of society in the bleak, neglected sections of our great cities, and by the translation of her whole life activity into the service of humanity has made her name loved and honored throughout the world. Miss Ida M. Tarbell has carried the searchlight of historic investigation into the nooks and crannies, the highways and by-ways, of Abraham Lincoln's life and ancestry with such tireless and persistent inquiry that we can never think of Lincoln in the future without thinking of her and thanking her for clearing away the debris that had gathered about the name and the heredity of our most beloved American. Professor Laura E. Lockwood by her ability and industry as a scholar has linked her name forever with the name of Milton. In like manner the names of Katherine Lee Bates, Mary E. Woolley, Vida D. Scudder, Ellen Fitz Pendleton, Virginia Gildersleeve, M. Carey Thomas, and scores of other able American women might be listed as among the leaders of our day who have through "studies" come into possession of conspicuous ability that has been dedicated to the advancement of learning and the welfare of society.

II

And what are the real aims of study? The object of study is, in the first place, to get fast and firm possession of facts — facts of spelling, reading, mathematics, composition, history, language, geography, and the like. It is highly desirable that we should know how to spell *Chicago* and *business*; *Boston* and *brains*; and that we should know for all time. We want to know once for

all that seven times nine are sixty-three; that Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation; that an island is a body of land completely surrounded by water; and that a proper name should begin with a capital letter. Many, many, minute facts, as well as certain connected bodies of truth, should be imbedded in one's memory as deeply and as securely as a bullet that has lodged in the heart of a growing tree. And one should master certain processes of thought, and grip a few underlying and unchanging principles of life and conduct.

Yet the chief value of study does not lie in the stowing away of facts and principles. You study for discipline. You study in order that you may become a student, just as you exercise, not for recreation alone, but that you may become an athlete. In making yourself a student you are making yourself fit for the fierce intellectual encounters of middle life. No time for training then! And woe to her whose brain-fiber is flabby then, whose mental processes are slow and hazy and uncertain! Your mind must work with the force and steadiness of a piston-rod; must clutch like a vise. You cannot tell what sudden emergencies may confront you in home or street or office. Life is intense and complex, and woman is willingly entering into the full tide of public and private service. She expects to bear the brunt, not only of home and social life, but of the everyday practical life in business and forum as well. She will find numerous antagonists worthy of her mettle, and she cannot hope that they will always be chivalric and considerate. Apart from the acute and sometimes tragic demands of the home, there will be long days of strain in shop and office, in street and

hospital, — for many modern women in court and capitol and legislative hall. You are winning these crucial contests now by the precision and the promptness and the thoroughness that you are working into your higher nerve centers; by the severe training that you are giving yourself in attention, decision, mental alertness, and moral control.

Again, it is worth while to study because there is nothing in the world so glorious as truth, nothing so fascinating as the pursuit of wisdom. Mind alone can unlock the meaning of the world, for the foundations of the universe are laid in spirit. If we would be free we must think ourselves free. To the degree that we are ignorant we are slaves — slaves to wind and wave, to time and tide, to sin and pain, to man and devil and microbe. But to the extent that we study and think and gain wisdom we drive back the barriers of darkness and come into the full freedom of our own free spirits. There is in us a divine curiosity that urges us to perpetual inquiry. We are set in this world to solve riddles. We study because there burns within us an unquenched and unquenchable passion to uncover reality; to drive out the bogeys and the fetishes and the hoodoos that lurk in this human wilderness through which we are traveling. Study purifies and exalts the student. It loosens the bonds of Time and Space. Study enthrones him with the gods. Through study we may escape into the infinite and the eternal; we may unite ourselves with God. It is not too late in the world's history to experience "the luxury of doing some perpetual good in the world." The universe is still young — all alive with wonder and romance. It is true that brave men have at last touched the most remote

point on this globe. The North Pole has been discovered; the South Pole has been discovered; a light has been cast into the heart of the Dark Continent. But the scholar is still to have his day. The emancipation of woman has only fairly begun, and there is no telling what added happiness her freedom may bring to the world, or what new chapters she may write in the world's progress. A thousand highways invite her forth upon her adventures. Giants still lurk in the morasses of civilization. A million secrets that the world waits anxiously to know lie locked away in dark castles, which the bright sword of intellect alone can enter.

"To what purpose should our thought be directed to various kinds of knowledge," writes the young Sir Philip Sidney, "unless room be afforded for putting it into practice so that public advantage may be the result?" What stronger incentive can we have to become students, scholars, and thinkers, than that suggested here by the great Sidney — that of enriching the Commonwealth, that of establishing America's cultural supremacy among the nations? She must have pioneers of thought as well as pioneer discoverers of her boundless material resources. No nation ever bred greater soldiers, greater statesmen, greater captains of industry than has America. But can we truly say that she has held her own in the realm of scholarship and culture? Can an American student cherish any worthier ambition than that of conferring something intellectually great upon the Nation — and through the Nation upon mankind? Is it not worth while to strive to create an intellectual and spiritual America that shall outshine even the material America?

III

Study consists in focusing the mind upon the subject in hand. In very early life we have almost no power of voluntary attention; and even the mature scholar can hold his mind on a given object only for an instant by his own will power. The little child scarcely has any mind that he can call his own. He lives out of doors, on the open highways of sensation. His mind is snatched hither and thither by the bright baubles and the entrancing sounds around him. He surrenders himself completely and on the spot to the last and gaudiest attraction that bids for his attention. We laugh at professors and philosophers for being absent-minded. In reality they are not absent-minded at all; they are so *present-minded* that they are utterly oblivious of their bodies and of everything around them. They have learned the art of study, and are giving attention mightily. With children — and with many college students — it is exactly the opposite. Their bodies are chained to the tasks before them, but their minds are absent on other and more attractive pursuits. Now the trouble with many Freshmen is that they are still children. They have never learned how to hold their attention closely and sternly to a set task. They are given to dawdling and to idle day-dreaming. They are at the mercy of every sensation and every enticement. An educated person learns “to do the thing he does not want to do, at the time he does not want to do it.”

“I know a person, for example,” writes William James, “who will poke the fire, set chairs straight, pick dust-

specks from the floor, arrange his table, snatch up the newspaper, take down any book which catches his eye, trim his nails, waste the morning *anyhow*, and all without premeditation — simply because the only thing he *ought* to attend to is the preparation of a noon-day lesson in formal logic, which he detests. Anything but *that!*" What girl does not see herself reflected in this description?

In the long run the secret of study resides in our ability to bathe our thought, our task, our lesson in the stream of interest. The way to study successfully and joyously is to be interested in the thing that claims our attention. It is not hard to interest a girl in an automobile, a horse show, a cross word puzzle book. Dress and travel and radio and automobiles and movies and dinner parties interest everyone. But how remote these things all seem from the stupid rules and theorems and outlines and repellent facts that we find staring at us from our textbooks, and forever tripping us up in the classroom! Yet, in reality, these two realms are not altogether removed from each other. There are connecting threads, if only we can find them. We must learn to carry over from the things that we do like, or the things that we are absorbed in, fragments or filaments of interest which may be attached to the dull or hated study that we must master. Of course the surest and most natural way to bring this about is to live such an alert, wide-awake and sympathetic life that the world speaks our language at whatever point it speaks to us or we accost it. We should have sensations and experiences and some slight information, at least, stored up from many sources. The greater our store of facts, images, experiences, and associations from

the past, the more likely we are to find some point of contact between a new subject and an old one, and so to transfer interest from one to the other.

If a subject seems hopelessly dry, one may approach it in some such way as this: It has interested other people; why should I be a stranger to it? Or, let one say to one's self: This subject, whatever its attractiveness or lack of attractiveness, is the sort of thing that men and women are stumbling over on every human highway. What I study now is related to what I am going to do hereafter. Somewhere, sometime, in a moment of doubt, or need, or loneliness, or crisis, this little, hard, unattractive, apparently insignificant scrap of fact, bit of quotation, or statement of principle may saunter obligingly into my mind at need, and prove as welcome to me as would a sister or a comrade. One may study with the thought of future travel. "He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry out the wealth of the Indies." That is, we shall see only what we are prepared to see. Study with the thought of making yourself an interesting and resourceful conversationalist. Study, again, for the rewards of scholarship; or if this is no incentive, study in order to win honor for your "bunch," your sorority, your family, your country. And study, finally, if no other interest serves, *because you are not in the habit of being beaten*. Says William James, "Pride and pugnacity have often been considered unworthy passions to appeal to in the young. But in their more refined and noble forms they play a great part in the school-room and in education generally, being in some characters most potent spurs to effort. Pugnacity need

not be thought of merely in the form of physical combativeness. It can be taken in the sense of general unwillingness to be beaten by any kind of difficulty. It is what makes us feel 'stumped' and challenged by arduous achievements, and is essential to a spirited and enterprising character. We have of late been hearing much of the philosophy of tenderness in education; 'interest' must be assiduously awakened in everything, difficulties smoothed away. *Soft* pedagogics have taken the place of the old steep and rocky path to learning. But from this lukewarm air the bracing oxygen of effort is left out. It is nonsense to suppose that every step in education can be interesting. The fighting impulse must often be appealed to. Make the pupil feel ashamed of being scared at fractions, of being downed by the law of falling bodies; rouse his pugnacity and pride, and he will rush at the difficult places with a sort of inner wrath at himself that is one of his best moral faculties. A victory scored under such conditions becomes a turning-point and crisis of his character. It represents the high-water mark of his powers, and serves thereafter as an ideal pattern for his self-imitation. The teacher who never rouses this sort of pugnacious excitement in his pupils falls short of one of his best forms of usefulness."¹

IV

Bodily conditions largely affect mental activity. There is no teamwork so essential as the teamwork between brain and thought. The soil in which thought is nourished

¹ *Talks to Teachers on Psychology, etc.*, pp. 54-55. Henry Holt and Co., New York.

is the fine gray nerve-matter of the brain. The intellectual harvest from this brain-soil will depend upon two things — the original and inherited vigor of the nerve-cells of the brain, and the quantity and the quality of the blood with which they are supplied. The delicate gray nerve-matter of the brain requires much good blood. Indeed, the brain is not unlike a great sponge, and the harder one studies, the more plentifully it must be saturated with pure, rich blood. Like any other physical organ, the brain becomes exhausted after long-continued mental effort, and must have rest in order to regain its vitality. Prolonged hard thinking tears down and wears away the brain tissue. This waste matter, like a charred lampwick that retards the free supply of oil to the flame, must be carried off and replaced by fresh material. Sleep and exercise are the best means of working this change in the tired brain. And, always, much fresh air is required for this renewal. The mind is freshest and best fitted for hard work in the morning; so the severest tasks should be taken up as early in the day as possible. It is not a good thing, though, to study long and hard in the early morning before eating. On the other hand, it is poor policy to study late into the night; first, because the blood supply in the brain is then so charged with the products of decomposition, due to the wear and tear of the body during the activities of the day, that the mind cannot get clear and firm impressions, and second, because the undue amount of blood that has been called to the brain tends to drive sleep away even after one quits work. Each student should study her own case carefully and find out when and how she can do the best work.

Nor is it a good thing to study soon after a hearty meal; for, since the digestive organs are heavily taxed at this time, they summon a large supply of blood from the brain and the other parts of the body. And, since there cannot be a proper supply of blood in both places at the same time, either the digestive organs will be robbed of their supply, with the result that digestion cannot be carried on properly, or the brain will be so impoverished that it must of necessity do poor work. For this reason, too, mealtime should be an occasion for leisurely conversation and good-fellowship; and for the same reason the time for at least a half-hour after a heavy meal should be spent either in the enjoyment of a short nap; or with music or light reading; or in some form of agreeable and easy physical exercise. The serious student will think out carefully a daily program of study and then adhere to it as closely as she can without doing violence to common sense.

Use your eyes with care. Do not strain them in the twilight, or use them when the artificial light is bad. Do not sit with your face to the light; beware of a light too powerful or dazzling. Sit so that the rays of light will fall over your shoulder upon the page before you. You will find it beneficial, when you are compelled to glue your eyes steadily to your task for a long period, to go to the window once in a while and relieve the eyes by focusing them for a brief time upon some distant object in the landscape.

Study is made easier by providing for bodily comfort during the time that one is closely engaged in thought, since nothing should take away from the vividness of the

impression received by the nerve-cells. One should be seated comfortably; should not be too cold or too hot; should not be pelted and battered and shot through with noises from the street. A wise student knows when she has studied on a given occasion to the limit of efficiency, and then gives over. But it is a mistake to suppose that one cannot work unless one is in the mood for it. A normal mind in a healthy body will work at need; and the best way to get the desired mood is to go to work.

v

We should go about the preparation of a lesson in some such way as a general would set about the capture of a city; or as an engineer would endeavor to solve the problem of supplying a city with pure water; or as a detective would undertake the task of ferreting out a crime; or as you, yourself, would plan a costume. There is something at the heart of the lesson, and you must get at this the first thing. Ask yourself, What is the main idea — the interpreting thought — of this assignment? What is the key to this problem? What is the theme of this essay, the point at issue in this speech, the dominant or unifying emotion in this poem or drama? When once the student has seized this deeper inner meaning and has dragged it into the light, the minor points, the less important ideas, the illustration, the examples — all these will fall into their proper places and will be easily understood and fully enjoyed.

But the ideas involved in a lesson are not to be introduced into one's anatomy merely as dead lumps of truth. They are to be reacted upon. Independent processes of

thought must be set in motion. A girl ought to be excited by a new idea just as she would be excited by a new party dress or the planning of a week-end trip. The material presented for consideration must be passed upon. It is to be arraigned before the high court of one's own thought. Let us not be too modest to think. Doubtless the textbooks are about right; and it is to be presumed that the professor knows vastly more than does the student; and no doubt wise heads have weighed the matter. But notwithstanding all this, the student now sits supreme. It is her court; she is trying the case for herself and not for another.

The student must next organize the whole matter that has been brought before her in accordance with her own purpose and her own needs, so that she may carry away with her her own compact and usable kit of new and important information. There is a residuum of fact, or truth, or inspiration that results from the study of a given subject. This outcome of one's thinking, whether large or small, becomes a lasting personal acquisition. It is not merely the asset of an hour, but is a possession for all time. The student has it not by rote or merely on authority, but upon individual approval and acceptance.

Finally, knowledge results in permanent enrichment only when it has been put into play; that is, it must be related to life and must flow out in action. This explains why instructors frown upon "cramming." "Crammed" information is for immediate use; and it passes away along with the crisis that led to its acquisition. It is, then, not to be thought for a moment that the final end or outcome of a college assignment is the presentation of it to the

instructor in recitation or examination. That is to miss the point entirely. Knowledge that is worth while will become so much a part of the student that she will forget when and where she got it. Not only shall she have it; it will have her. That is, in so far as it is a workable thing, it will become habit. For example, you do not count yourself an expert with your violin, your camera, your automobile — nor do you get much enjoyment from them — until their manipulation has become second nature to you. In the same way, no lesson can ever be said to have been mastered until it has entered into and become a part of one.

The sheer, brute work of memorizing does not amount to so much as is commonly supposed. When important subject-matter has been dealt with in some such way as has been suggested in the preceding paragraphs, one's nervous system will remember of its own accord. The things that have interested us supremely — that we have considered worth while and have made a part of ourselves — we cannot forget. They have enmeshed themselves in our central being, and will always be promptly available. There are certain things such as spelling, the multiplication table, the facts of geography, and the Ten Commandments which had to be laid up in memory by an outright effort of the will by frequent repetition. There always will be a good deal of this pure memory work to be done; but aside from stated demands of this kind, it will be of little avail simply to memorize mechanically. Besides, the quality of any individual memory is a fixed thing. One's memory is either good, bad, or indifferent by nature. Each person is endowed

with brainstuff of a certain degree of power to take and hold impressions, and there will be no change of quality. Some minds are "wax to receive and marble to retain," and some are quite the opposite. This is not to say that the memory of a given person may not be stronger and more retentive at one time than at another. Whatever strengthens or weakens the general state of bodily health — in particular the general condition of the nervous system — will no doubt affect the memory as well. But it seems certain that at bottom the memory does not yield to cultivation.

Fortunately for most of us, however, that is not necessarily the best type of mind that has the most tenacious memory. It is a good sort of mind to have, but there are other qualities that may offset the lack of it. Some of the finest and most productive minds have been endowed with rather poor memory-stuff. The thing for a student to do is to find out and to practice the most approved methods of memorizing. That is all one can do; yet that may count for a good deal. Again, and finally, the best way to remember is to be so interested in a thing that one cannot forget it, and to connect it and inter-connect it with a thousand other interesting and familiar things.

VI

The student owes it to herself to preserve her intellectual independence and integrity. No one can think for her. She should let no one coerce her will, or secure her consent to what she does not believe. It is not the instructor but the student who is to have first consideration. The student is the supreme end for which the college exists. She

will, of course, honor her instructors and will be considerate of them in every way. But the faculty is not the center of gravity of a college. A student has the right, as an honest and earnest seeker after truth, to weigh herself over against the whole college establishment, considered as an organization fitted to supply the need which led her to enter college. The worthy student puts her all into this college adventure, her money, four years of more than golden time, her chance for fruitful life friendships, her plastic capabilities. So she must know her rights and must expect and demand much.

TO SCHOOLGIRLS AT GRADUATION¹

DEAN LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS

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Graduation from school — whether the pupil is “finished,” as we say in unconscious irony, or sent to college — is a serious matter. It sets people thinking about you, and sets you to thinking about yourselves, — or, rather, if you are right-minded, about your part in life. Nothing is more rapid and tremendous than the changes that will come to many of you in the next half-dozen years. How can this school or any school prepare you each and all for the mysterious responsibilities, the suddenly varied and diverse complications into which time is sure to throw you? “Nothing,” it was said long ago, “is so certain as the unexpected.” How can we get ready for what we know nothing about?

It is idle to speculate long on some things that make a fascinating dream and often a hard, though cherished, reality; but it is idler to drift without a plan, to let the certainty of the unexpected control your present life or leave it uncontrolled. Thus we see the answer to my question. Life is difficult and complex; preparation for life is strangely simple. Truth and devotion, that is all.

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Hold fast to these things, and leave the rest to experience. You may be green in many situations; you may and will make blunders; in the sudden turns of life you may not be flexible enough (few are); the measure of your success may depend on the measure of your intelligence; but you cannot utterly fail.

You may say that telling people to have truth and devotion is well enough, but that, like the clergyman's exhortation to follow Christ, it seems vague. Things come to our daily lives as concrete problems; and we succeed — if we do succeed — through repeated acts which create in us a habit or a general principle. Yet we need the principle to direct the acts. It is like the old question, "Which came first, the hen or the egg?"

Not quite so bad, after all. To many women — as to some men — devotion is instinctive; to other women it is at first a matter of will; but when they love, it becomes instinctive, as it does, for instance, in nearly all mothers. And every girl has some sense of truth. To give this sense staying-power, to prevent a girl from losing her head where her feelings are concerned, from warping her reason by emotion and saying anything which for the moment seems to help her cause, — to give her, in short, a *trained* sense of truth and a trained hold on it, is one object of such education as you have had. I know a school in which intellectual accuracy is constantly brought to bear on moral life, so that even the arithmetic lesson helps the pupil to be truthful. The simple cases every girl understands. Every girl, for instance, in this school or in any other, knows that if she copies a composition from a book or from another girl's work and hands it in

as her own, she is, for the time being, false to her school and to herself. And if she thinks a minute, she cannot blame people for not trusting her in anything until she has put her life on such a basis as shall make dishonest work impossible. Here is one everyday opportunity to exercise the principles of truth and devotion at school.

You go out of school into the world — all of you in some degree, and some of you in a high degree, to be cultivated women — with a power that a few of you are just beginning to know. “Who is it that rules the world?” said Major Henry Lee Higginson. “Doesn’t everybody know,” he added, “that it is women?” The greater the power, the more dangerous. How shall you use your power wisely and justly?

Let us begin with some of the uses that are unwise and unjust. One of the lowest of these is the deliberate, systematic, and indiscriminate use of personal fascination — the use of power for the pleasure of exercising it and for no good end; the use of power that unsteadies men right and left, and ends in an emptiness which makes you scorn yourselves. Personal charm is one of the great and unexplained gifts of heaven. Some people have it all their lives and never know it; and when they are dead, after their long and anxious and self-distrustful years, we wring our very hearts because we have not told them. Yet had we told them, and had they believed us, they might have lost it forever. Indeed, I doubt whether we could have made them believe us; at the most they would have feared, as Emerson’s lover feared about the girl he loved, that our feeling for them had “died in its last expression.” Personal charm, self-recognized as

part of one's capital, the power to fascinate men, consciously used to give zest to life, becomes almost despicable; at the very least it tends to make a girl useless and leads her to make men useless by distracting them; at the worst it breaks homes and happiness. I speak of something quite different from that desire to please which is born of courtesy and devotion, and which brings at length an honest charm of its own when the attraction of the professionally charming has lost its power over all who thoroughly know them. I have in mind those vain and foolish girls to whom the homage of men is the glory of womanhood. The professional beauty, though she often lacks personal charm, belongs in the same category, and what she pins her faith to is even more fleeting. Whatever you do, keep your souls white from the effort to fascinate men.

Again, truth and devotion demand nowadays that a woman shall do something. A year or two of social experience or travel may be regarded as part of an education; but there is no excuse for people who make such things an end in life, and no excuse for the mere time-killer, whether man or woman, whether poor or rich. "Mr. Jones," said a youth to a maiden, "is the most wonderful man I ever saw. He knows every card I had at bridge a week ago." "Has it ever occurred to you," said the girl, "that he is forty-five years old and that he doesn't know anything else?" "Don't you know that girl?" said a gentleman, as he bowed to a strikingly handsome lady. "She wins more at bridge than any other woman in Boston." Even outside of the question of gambling, there is something shocking in that kind of

notoriety, if only for the waste of time it implies. . . . I remember a party of young men and women (Americans) who were visiting Rome, presumably for the first time, and who, after a late breakfast, would settle in the hotel parlor every day for a whole morning at cards. What business had such people in Rome? What business had they anywhere? Men and women are bound to justify their existence. They may give years to preparation for the work of life (they are fortunate if they can), but even in these preparatory years — even in the early years of which an important part is play — they must show, in their work and in their play, some promise of truth and devotion or the outlook is hard for them and theirs. If you are going into society for experience, cut out one day a week for deeper experience, for some kind of helpful work to keep your soul from shrinking. Whenever you see a society girl of peculiar loveliness, you will find that society has only a part of her and not the best part. Whatever you do, whether you work in the slums or go to a cooking-school, do something outside of parties and calls and afternoon teas, which are weak diet alike for body and mind. Not the least advantage of a serious purpose is its power to choke affectation. No one self-forgetfully at work is affected — unless indeed an early affectation has “set,” or “jelled,” as it were, in her youth and has thus become a natural part of herself.

A word here as to college. When I was young, a girl who went to college was thought queer. Now a girl who may go and does not is sometimes thought queerer. People who know have long since discovered that the college girl is quite as human and delightful as any other

girl, and likely to be a better companion through life. No doubt there are odd and unwomanly college girls; but they are singularly few. Even society "finish," for which college girls might seem to lack time and opportunity, is often acquired, in no small amount, at college. Those of us who have seen what education does for a woman would send to college every capable and healthy girl who has the means of going. College life gives us, or should give us, a larger way of looking at things — the power of seeing the difference between a petty thing that to the untrained and selfish mind seems big, and a little thing that is lighted and glorified into a big one because it is a small outward sign of a great inward truth. Take, for instance, a matter in which there are probably more sinners among women than among men. I do not say that college life eradicates pettiness, but it ought to get out of any girl's head the wrong kind of sensitiveness and put in the right kind. By the wrong kind I mean what exists to a pitiful extent among women otherwise good, the kind that busies itself with small questions of precedence. I have known women who really cared whether other women were asked to pour out tea oftener than they; I have known good women arranging a series of afternoon teas to think it vital that if Mrs. X. were asked to pour out tea, Mrs. Y. should be asked, and asked an equal number of times — even though Mrs. X. was infinitely better fitted than Mrs. Y. for that particular job. Such women, if you will pardon my saying it, cannot understand "a good manly view" of people's mutual relations. It is right to take pains, even in small ways, lest others' feelings shall be hurt; but it is not right to

decide everything or anything according to small jealousies and morbid suspicions of indignity. Among all the unprofitable servants (if not wicked and slothful) few are more unprofitable than the people who are always on the watch for a slight. There are such men; there are more such women than a healthy-minded man would conceive if he were not brought face to face with the sad fact. "I don't see," said a large-hearted woman, with college training, who constantly busies herself with big and real matters, "I don't see how people have time for such things in so good and busy a world." I know intimately a man who has been worried about nearly everything that could worry man or woman, but was never worried because he was not invited to Mrs. A.'s reception, or because Mrs. B. shook hands with somebody else first, or because Mr. C. walked through a doorway ahead of him, or because Mr. D. sat at the hostess's right hand, or because Mr. E. was asked to speak first or last (whichever the place of honor may be) — though he has often been worried because he himself was asked to speak at all. It is a shock, when we look up to women, and find them squandering their strength on things like these — things compared with which millinery becomes almost august. In Beaumont and Fletcher's beautiful play "Philaster, or Love Lies a-Bleeding," Euphrasia, a noble lady has, like Viola, taken the guise of a page to serve the man she loves. To this page, known as Bellario, Philaster says:

"Oh, but thou dost not know what 'tis to die.

Bellario.

Yes, I do, my lord.

'Tis less than to be born, a lasting sleep.

A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue; I know besides
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost."

When we think of the circumstances, the line "A quiet resting from all jealousy" becomes inexpressibly touching. Even by itself it points to relief from one of the most hideous of human passions, and one to which, I suspect, women, with some reason, are more prone than men. I think of the sudden hardening of face and voice with which one good woman speaks of another, the mean little insinuations of women really generous in big things, the petty spite between next-door neighbors in country towns, who go on for years without speaking to each other, though each would rather talk than do anything else in the world. You remember the story of the woman who, when the census-taker asked her age, replied:

"Did the woman next door tell you how old she was?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm two years younger than she is!"

These things may be excusable in villages, but not in the free, wide-seeing life of an educated woman. These are the little things that the great truths, of which the college gives us glimpses, force out of sight and mind. Women rule the world: let them keep sweet and sound.

A kindred variety of sensitiveness, in which men have their full share, is the resentment that comes of not being, or seeming not to be, appreciated. Some few persons, no doubt, are not appreciated; but they are not the persons who should call attention to the fact, except by their steady patience and devotion. A healthy human being

learns to pocket grievances, to burn his own smoke as the saying is, to waste no energy in taking offence, to remember that since he does not like everybody, he cannot expect everybody to like him. He learns to bear and forbear, and, best of all, to fix his mind not on small disturbances but on his work, "with malice toward none, with charity for all."

The dangers at which I have hinted are closely related to that very sensitiveness which gives girls and women their peculiar power. One of the best things in the world is the ability to put yourself into another's place — a power granted to the sensitive only, and hence to women rather than to men. Quickness to feel atmospheric cross currents in social life, instantaneous and practical sympathy with grief, reckless devotion beside the sick bed — these things belong to those who suffer indeed, but suffer to noble ends. It is these things that show women to be of finer clay than men. It is these things, containing the very essence of woman's power, of which some women are doing their best to rid themselves and their sex. The restlessly agitating woman in public life and her near relative, the nagging woman in private life, may have a kind of truth and a kind of devotion, but not the sense of things in their true relation and not the vision of the strength of gentleness. Rather she to whom the old poet said:

"You for whose body God made better clay
Or took soul's stuff such as shall late decay
Or such as needs small change at the last day.
This, as an amber drop enwraps a bee,
Covering discovers your quick soul that we
May in your through-shine front your heart's thoughts see."

A good school and a good college after it fill a girl's mind with the greater issues of life. She has "no time in so good and busy a world" — a world that needs workers — to waste in coquetry or triviality or jealousy or vain regret that another's opportunity and charm are not hers. She sees on every hand what needs to be done, and like the prophet of old, she cries, "Here am I, send me"; and behold men look upon her face as it had been the face of an angel, for her vision is the vision of the pure in heart.

Is it a low view of a woman's life to believe that her leadership is not like a man's, that nature gives men one kind of power over the world and women another, that in political competition women are as much at a disadvantage as men are in the finer sympathies and graces of life? "I never could see," said my mother, "why women should want to vote; but if they want to vote, I can't see what right men have to say they shan't" — a remark that has given me food for reflection. I too find it hard to see by what right the ballot is denied to women; yet with direct political responsibility comes much that would tend to weaken or destroy the power by which they rule the world today.

"To women," said President Eliot, "we owe the charm and the beauty of life" — and some women were offended at his saying it. It seemed like the old notion that women are purely ornamental and secondary; it seemed a low view of them and their destiny. Yet, if I understand it, it is not only profoundly true, but a recognition of what is highest in women as what is highest in all human creatures — the power of transfiguring this daily drudging life of

ours with the radiance that Browning had seen when he wrote:

“The white I saw shine through her was her soul’s,”

the radiance that makes the young mother’s face a “through-shine” face, the radiance that shone in and through Emerson when he wrote:

“Let me go where’er I will
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that’s fair, from all that’s foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest meanest things
There alway, alway something sings.
’Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the red-breast’s mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings.”

Emerson indeed was one of the few men who, still manly, felt and made others feel, with the intuitive refinement of a woman, “the charm and the beauty of life”; because he was high-minded and clean-hearted, because he spiritualized everything, because his eyes were purged of the earthy, because he saw. There are women, even young girls, in whose presence it is impossible to dwell on a low

thought, to live on any level but the highest, — women who are a kind of revelation of heaven:

“She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown.”

There are such women that when their friends or their husbands or their children think evil or are tempted in business or in social life one hair's breadth from what is true, the thought of them shall make it harder to do wrong than to do right. These are the women to whom we owe “the charm and the beauty of life.”

Not the least part of every girl's mission is to keep undefiled the spring of poetry in her heart, to live above the vulgarity that, like vice, we first endure, then pity, then embrace, to remember that the poetry-killer is an enemy to his people. I know that much which passes for poetry is weak and immoral; but the poetry that I mean is what keeps us reverent and humble, brings us into instantaneous contact with the greatest things, rolls the mist away from the mountain peak: —

“The shepherds moved
Through the dull mist, I following, when a step,
A single step that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul.”

It is ill for the nation that loses its poetic fervor. Yet with twelve pages of illustrated “journalism” every week-day and a hundred and twenty every Sunday, with

Bull Durham and Mr. Mennen staring at us across the green fields, with what is called opera vulgarized by such things as we see depicted in street posters, and what is called comedy made up of the adventures of faithless husbands and jealous wives, with the portraits of all the divorced people in real life and the details of their cases thrust under our eyes every day, it is only human to run down. And, as our population increases, it becomes harder and harder to free ourselves from the network of wires through which we lift our eyes to the skyscrapers that shut out the eternal hills. Some years ago an old lady in Salem, Massachusetts, complained at the City Hall of the electric wires.

“Do they hurt your house?”

“No.”

“Do they damage your trees?”

“No.”

“What is the matter then?”

“Well, when Harriet and I sit out on the piazza, we don’t want to look at God’s heaven through a gridiron.”

That is what those of us who dwell in cities are doing physically; and after doing it long physically, we do it spiritually unless we take care. Some people who think they love the woods and the sea no sooner get to what they think they love than they vulgarize it. The sea-shore, indeed, where it is not private property, becomes a place for clam-bakes, looping the loop, and unconcealed love-making.

Now there are two ways of holding fast to poetry under present conditions, and neither is quite complete in itself. One is by looking beyond the scroll-saw shanties with sign-

boards on them, beyond the strutting youth with his hand thrust into the arm of that awful girl in yellow and black with pink ribbons, out on the everlasting sea; and this we must learn to do now and then if we would, as it were, keep our peace with God; and as women are more sensitive than men, so do they, in the drudgery of daily life, stand more in need of a breath from the boundless ocean or the eternal hills: —

“You and I and the hills!

Do you think we could live for a day,
With the useless, wearying wrongs and ills
And the cherished cares away?
Rebels of progress and our clay —
Do you think we could live for a day?

“You and I and the dawn,

With the great light breaking through,
And the woods astir with a wakened fawn,
And our own hearts wakened, too;
With the bud in the hollow, the bird on the spray,
Do you think we could live for a day?

“You and I and the dusk,

With the first stars in the glow —
And the faith that our ills are but the husk
With the kernel of life below;
With the joy of the hills and the throb of the May,
Do you think we could live for a day?”

The other way I have hinted at already by quoting Emerson's song about the something that sings. It was tried by Walt Whitman, who sometimes, instead of making common things poetic, degraded poetry. It has been

tried, with much success here and there, by Mr. Kipling — in “McAndrew’s Hymn,” for example, in “The Song of the Banjo,” in the “King,” —

“All unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.”

It was used long ago without trying by Homer. What is less poetic than dirty clothes? Yet in the most tremendous part of the *Iliad*, when Achilles is hotly pursuing Hector round the walls of Troy, Homer introduces dirty clothes with a touch so sure that, even in the prose translation, they do not lessen the poetry but add to it: —

“Past the watch-tower, past the wild fig-tree beaten by the wind, ever out from the wall, over the wagon path, they rushed to where two springs shoot upward from eddying Scamander. One with warm waters flows, and round about smoke rises from it as of flaming fire. The other even in summer hath a stream like hail or chilling snow or water turned to ice. And there hard by upon the banks are washing troughs, wide, of splendid stone-work; and there the Trojan wives and daughters fair would wash their shining robes in early days of peace before the sons of the Achaians came. Past these they swept.”

Go back to the sources. Lose no opportunity of contact with greater nature and greater art — with woods and mountains and ocean, with the masters of music and painting and poetry. Begin the *Iliad* or the *Inferno*, even with grammar and lexicon, and you know instantly that you are in the presence of one of the greatest things in the world. To you the treasures of time are open; let them not be open in vain. Do not adopt a scheme or drift into a habit of life which will not suffer you to touch

the hem of the garment that shall make you whole. What you get from pure religion and undefiled (not fashionable and perfunctory), from the highest poetry, works in you and through you in ways that no man understands, and makes you see and lead others to see the glory that lies in and about our lives — a glory without the vision of which we “sit in darkness, being bound in affliction and iron.”

In your poetry I include your dreams and your reveries. I remember my dejection when a gaunt philosopher whose college lectures I attended, told his class of vigorous boys that a reverie is “the worst kind of mental dissipation.” In my heart I rebelled; but dared not then say that he was wrong, and he would have made short work of me if I had done so. The mere dreamer is likely to be of little use, I grant, though even he may be a poet in the chrysalis; but deliver me from the man or woman who never dreams, the being to whom, as Ruskin says, “the primrose is very accurately the primrose because he does not love it.” “Paley is a good scholar,” said an English schoolmaster of the famous editor of *Æschylus*, “but he will use such a word as ‘irreclaimably’ in translating a Greek tragic chorus.” Can such a man really *know* anything of Greek poetry? Poetry is so evasive and volatile that often, if we turn a poem word for word into another language, the poetry has gone; the spirit has refused to change its house. Much of our poetry comes to us in these very reveries; for “dreams also,” said Plato, “are from God.”

This is another way of saying, do not be afraid of being romantic. So long as you have principles to keep you from

seeing romance in bad things — such as the life of fast men — and humor to keep you from sentimental folly, be romantic if you will, and be the better for it. Next to strong faith there is nothing that will help you through the tight places like romance *and* humor. Enthusiasm is your right and your glory by reason of your youth. Cherish it, and if it leads you to a foolish blunder now and then, save yourself by humor: —

“On fire that glows
With heat intense
I turn the hose
Of common sense,
And out it goes,
At small expense.”

It is romance that discovers new worlds and new stars — science, if you will, but romance in science. It is romance in one life that kindles another life to brave deeds and devoted service. Your romance, therefore, is part of your high efficiency. People try sometimes to strip science and literature and history of romance; but their science repels, their literature irritates and stupefies: as for their history, in the words of Mr. Justice Holmes, “After history has done its best to fix men’s thoughts upon strategy and finance, their eyes have turned and rested on some single romantic figure, — some Sidney, some Montcalm, some Shaw.” Build your air-castles, and when you find yourself ceasing to build them, throw yourself into some great work that shall rouse you to build more. Into them goes, and out of them comes again, threefold the buoyancy of your life. “I know,” says Emerson, “how easy it is to sneer at your sanguine

youth and its glittering dreams. But I find the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled far better for comfort and for use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and carved out by grumbling, discontented people."

It seems strange to tell young girls with every appearance of health and happiness that one of the hardest problems of life is to keep cheerful; but I dare say some of you know it already. I remember an old New Englander who unconsciously revealed his theory of life in his salutation, which was not "How do you do?" but "How do you stan' it?" No matter how free our animal spirits, how spontaneous our fun, how delightful our friends, we are compassed about by all sorts of sin and sorrow (as any newspaper will show us in one minute) as well as by the awful mystery of life and death. Sometimes our despondency has a prosaic cause, such as hunger, which, though it shows how the mind may be a slave to the body, is not lasting. Oftener depression is the reaction from what few, young or old, can resist in so busy and complicated a world, — the effort to carry a great deal more than our bodies and minds can stand up under. It is a depression of the nervous system, which system we have disregarded in our plans. Do not forget that the better and harder you have worked, the stronger is the reaction, the deeper the depression, the more nearly ineradicable the notion that you have failed. Keep, if you can, a steady hand on yourself, and do not be misled into a life that will take all the rebound out of your system while you are still in your girlhood; since nothing, not even training, can quite make up for the elastic strength of youth when mind and

body rejoice in their own activity, and when work at conscious high pressure, or at conscious low pressure, is unknown.

Yet out of that same nervous sensitiveness which uncontrolled brings its days of depression may come an exquisite joy. When my old teacher, Doctor William Everett, declared that Sparta had no great men, I ventured to name Leonidas. "Leonidas!" he exclaimed. "Nothing but bull-dog about *him*." Whether he was right or wrong as to Leonidas, I do not know; but he had in mind the general truth that a man may be brave in proportion to his sensitiveness. It follows that a woman, beyond all, may know the triumphant ecstasy of courage.

My friend Professor Barrett Wendell, after making a speech at a girls' college, came back low in his mind. "It was bad," he said. "Why?" I asked. "Wasn't it true?" "Yes," he answered, "that was the trouble with it." So it must always seem to the preacher of old doctrines. Yet old as are the doctrines and the experiences of which I speak, to you of the graduating class the experiences must in part be new. There are few groups of human beings more interesting than a class of schoolgirls going out into the new world of college or of society. There are few hearts of men or women that do not yearn toward them, longing to help them with that experience which they would probably reject and to which, after all, there is no royal road. No one can speak to you and forget that you are to rule the next generation; that to you your lovers, your husbands, your children will look for the best part of what makes life beautiful and true. You stand together for the last time. Is there no word that is yours

and yours only — nothing but the old exhortation to the old virtues? No, there is nothing but this: Speak the truth, do your work, and see the glory of it all. Do not join the band of those who chafe without what they call “large opportunities,” but do your work in such a spirit as shall make larger the opportunities you have. “You picture to yourself,” says Phillips Brooks, “the beauty of bravery and steadfastness. And then some wretched little disagreeable duty comes which is your martyrdom, the lamp for your oil; and if you do not do it, your oil is spilled.” Remember that

“Hye God som tyme senden can
His grace in-to a litel oxes stalle.”

Do your work with that love which is the quintessence of your womanhood — not just your work and no more, but a little more for the lavishing’s sake, that little more which is worth all the rest, for it “discovers your quick soul.” Shake off the petty meannesses that beset a sensitive heart: work greatly, love greatly.

And if you suffer, as you must, and if you doubt, as you may, do your work. Put your heart into it, and the sky will clear. Then out of your very doubt and suffering shall be born the supreme joy of life; and whether you know it or not, there will be those when everything seems to close black about them will yet say to themselves,

“God’s in his heaven,
All’s right with the world,”

for I have seen Him in her face.

THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE CAMPUS

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Until a few decades ago there was such a thing as distance. In order to go from one place to another one needs must take a journey. One did not arrive in California just by virtue of a faint and fleeting desire to leave Vermont and see what the Pacific Coast was like. Now, with the seven league boots of rapid transportation and plentiful money, many people find themselves in places which they had no great desire to see and which when seen have little meaning for them. There were always travelers; now there are tourists. As a result of the ease with which people can rush about to places, — the true value of which they appreciate only slightly, or not at all, — some of the loveliest parts of the world are in danger of being marred. Those whose taste is for noisy mechanical amusements rush modishly to the sea and affront the wide horizons and the changeful waters with tawdry and flimsy buildings which house their "scenic railways" and their "palaces of illusion." The sparks from a tourist's careless fire wrap the hills in flame and strip off the trees which those who dwell in the land and love it need for both use and beauty. So the land suffers from those whom only fashion and restlessness and easy money have brought within its borders.

Until a very recent time a young woman who wished to go to college found real difficulties in her way. The family was not easily persuaded to her venture; they feared that she might forfeit more than she would gain. Consequently she was forced to take careful stock of her desire to go to college, and also to define pretty carefully to herself and her protesting advisers what useful and beautiful equipment for life she would gain at college that she could not gain elsewhere. But now the young girl finds it only a step from home to college. So it is easily possible that both she and her brother may arrive there as mere tourists, with no clear desire for college and with little power to perceive the real life of college and enter into it.

College tourists mar college. This the college authorities realize, and they endeavor to make the sojourn of the tourists as brief as possible if they cannot wake in them a desire to possess the land, to become truly college citizens.

You would sadly waste your first days of college life if you spent them in surmises as to whether the young men and women who enter college with you are to prove tourists or citizens. More expert observers of youthful humanity than you, will need much more evidence than a hasty glance can secure before they come to the reluctant decision that certain of these classmates of yours will never partake of the solid satisfactions which citizens of the college world know, but will only flutter restlessly through the pastimes of the campus. To only one person can you profitably apply the distinction. Before you enter college, and more than once later, you may profit-

ably ask yourself whether you are a college tourist or a college citizen. A thoughtful canvassing of what you yourself desire and expect from college will prove helpful in understanding the problems which college social life presents and in finding your personal solution or adjustment.

Assuredly, you would not go to college if college consisted of solitary cells like those in which Chinese aspirants to scholarship used to bury themselves in lonely concentration. You rightfully expect of college relationships with people. You expect, first, a pleasant circle of friendly acquaintances, to whom you nod as you go to and from lectures and laboratory — slight casual contacts with other lives, but pleasure-giving like the sight of a dandelion before you had realized that winter is at an end. You rightly expect, also, that in time there will be a much smaller circle who are your friends in the ordinary meaning of that word; you will have met them on frequent and varied occasions; you will have sought each other for work and play; if you have met them on more than a tourist, pastime basis, you will have shared various experiences of play and work, and you will know enough of their opinions and reactions to be sure how they will stand when serious questions of campus life or of life in general come up for discussion; they will talk your language; there will be a path between your lives. With these two circles, of friendly acquaintances and of friends, you may find your expectations of social life all fulfilled. You may be one of those persons who find only in family ties the closer and more ardent relationship which is friendship at its deepest. Even if you are one

of those who have a capacity for this kind of friendship and who desire to find before your college years are ended the joys and responsibilities of such a friendship, no honest man could promise that you will find such a friend. You can only keep a ready mind, an open heart, an eye that seeks with wisdom as well as eagerness. You *can* make sure that neither by unworthiness nor aloofness do you miss the friend with whom you can share your real self,—the firm-held principles, the passionate preferences, the laughter of the soul, that are really you.

A campus has a satisfactory social life, then, when every student finds unfailing friendliness in the casual contacts with other students, when every student finds opportunities for the more complete friendships, and when those who have a talent for ideal friendship have as few hindrances as possible in finding their comrades who will be, as Thoreau has phrased it, "kind to each other's dreams." And whatever occasions and meeting places enable a Freshman to gain one or more of these three things, constitute in the true sense social life, and the girl who has these things has a social life if she defines the term aright. But a much narrower definition of the phrase is commonly made. For example, a mother whose daughter was soon to enter college was selecting the place where her daughter would live. As she considered the possibilities, she said enthusiastically, "Now a young man who had been at this university drew a little map for us, and he marked one bit with a circle, and he said Miriam just must live in that part of the town or else she might as well not go to the university, for she would have no social life." The dean she was interviewing knew the

special bit of town to be the tourist center, a place of rapidly shifting population, where at the end of each semester the haunts of some care-free Freshmen who had got into college by mistake know them no more. She entered a protest against the tourist concept of college and social life, saying, "Please say to your daughter that unless she is quite sure college offers her something so important that she would seek it even if there were no sorority here and no men students, this university would much prefer that she should not come; for her sorority and her dances should be only pleasant accessories of college life and not the main feast."

The daughter came to college. She missed the two things that her mother had thought so important: she did not "make" a sorority, and she was not a conspicuously popular Freshman with the men of the campus. But she had come to college as a citizen, and so she stayed in college for its own sake, and in good time she came to have satisfactory relationships with her fellow students, men and women. She joined a group in which Freshman girls under the leadership of a senior were discussing the Bible and modern life; she walked, skated, played tennis, to earn membership in the Women's Athletic Association; she accepted small posts on class committees and worked as cheerfully and well as if they had been headline positions; she proved so likeable and reliable that she became one of the girls who formed the nucleus of a group to have a simple and pleasant house where they might gratify their desire for a college home. She achieved social life.

When you come as strangers into a community, all

you can hope for at first is a growing circle of friendly acquaintances. You meet them in some one of the activities of college life. You play on the same hockey squad or work in the same chemical laboratory; you belong to the same section of Freshman English, or you dance together; you lunch at the same place, or attend the same church, or sing in the same chorus. You have only a small section of life in common; the rest of this classmate's personality you do not yet know, though it may be the subject of pleasant surmise and fair hope. To some of them you may feel only friendly indifference, and when you see each other for the last time, as the class in cap and gown is scattering to the four ends of the earth, perhaps you will still be nothing more to each other than friendly acquaintances who nod as you pass. But that friendly nod keeps a door open between you and, in South America or Honolulu, the classmate you never got to know at college may prove to be the friend you always hoped to find. For your own sake, then, it is most important that you begin and end college as a friendly person, careful of the slight threads between you and other people. But for a less remote and more certain result it is important that you remember faces and that you show yourself open and friendly. Out of some of these accidental contacts you may develop your more complete friendships, with a little favor from circumstances and a little willingness to be the one who is friendly first. For someone must take the initiative if accidental contacts are to be followed up by voluntary associations. Somebody must invite or nobody can ever be invited.

Success in securing this first kind of social life seems so

easy and the method so obvious that one is tempted to withdraw the preceding paragraphs as superfluous platitudes. Yet each year some young people throw away their chances for such a friendly circle and shut themselves away into bitter and wistful loneliness. Why do they thus defeat their own desires? The reason most commonly given is this: fraternities and sororities spoil the natural social life of a college; those who are within are snobbish and either ignore those outside or bestow upon them casual crumbs of insincere or condescending friendliness; those who are outside feel that they have been weighed in the balance and found wanting in social charm, and they settle into discouraged passivity. No generous girl is willing to have this picture true, and any Freshman class can keep it from being true. But that class must be made up of straight-thinking, self-respecting girls, painstaking in their judgments, who never accuse another girl of a motive that they would scorn to attribute to themselves. To that end, whether the close of rushing season finds them within a sorority or without, they will need a correct idea of what a sorority is.

The fact that sororities exist chiefly in co-educational institutions where only a small part of the students can live in college halls of residence suggests the need which sororities meet. They give a girl a college home in a group that wants her, a group that cannot "pass by on the other side" if she makes mistakes, a group that must in both senses of the phrase make the best of her. The girl who finds herself attracted to such a group naturally rejoices at her good fortune. But if she will examine a bit thoughtfully the manner in which she attained to this circle of

friendly acquaintances, she will not overestimate how far she has gone toward securing in the full sense a social life, and she will not make the mistake of thinking that her newly-won membership proves her different from her classmates who are not pledges of any sisterhood. She will realize that her invitations to these first rushing parties were about as much tributes to her personal worth and charm as were the parties which the friends of her cousin in Philadelphia planned in her honor before she had arrived for the visit. Her first invitations come to her because she is somebody's friend; to another girl they do not come because she happens to have no friends within the circles. Which is the worthier, the kinder, the more gracious, or whether she and the girl left outside are equal in the social gifts and graces, are questions still unanswered when one girl puts on a pledge pin and the other still goes unattached.

From within the sorority the intelligent and alert Freshman pledge will soon discover another reason for humility; she will find that the most thoughtful members of her sorority are fully aware how clumsy and at times cruel is this rushing season by which they fill the places left vacant by the graduations and withdrawals of the preceding June. By a few parties, — some of them with guests in overwhelming proportion to the young hostesses, — and by a few informal meetings, the sorority tries to choose from a number of Freshmen a few who will harmoniously and constructively combine into a sisterhood. The members who choose are young, hurried, human. It is difficult for them to hold to the college values in every choice; difficult not to judge somewhat according to the worldly-wise

standards of the adult play-world outside, difficult not to attach undue importance to adventitious things. It is small wonder if the sororities sometimes find that they have called a good many tourists, chosen in haste to be repented of at leisure. Knowing the imperfection of the method, those who are invited to membership will be saved from undue pride, and those who are left outside will be saved from unbecoming dejection. Nothing conclusive for a Freshman's social life at college is settled by what a sorority may vote at the end of a flurried fortnight. The happiness of her social life still depends on each girl.

But the girl within the Greek group needs to go carefully during these first few months. She must remember that people tend to exaggerate the importance of what they have missed, and that accordingly her failure to see a former acquaintance as she goes along the street absorbed in the laughing remarks of her new sisters may be taken as an intentional slight by the girl who exaggerates the importance of a sorority because she as yet has none. It is a time for carefully keeping up the acquaintances one has made by some other means than the sorority. Not to do this opens the sorority to the charge of being undemocratic, it exposes the pledge to the accusation of being snobbish, and it may mean that she loses a chance at some of her classmates who would have meant most to her. What a pity if the girl with the cleverest and richest mind in the Freshman class, in her anxiety to bow to a man with a Greek pin, misses knowing a man with a Greek mind! If the evening before commencement one goes alone and wistful to take farewell of the places she has loved best in college, having found in the four college years no friend

who can understand without words what that last pilgrimage means, it will be good to know that, at least, one did not miss that friend by closing prematurely one's circle of acquaintances and cultivating only those met in certain conventional ways.

But the friendliness of the Freshman class is perhaps in more danger of suffering from the pride of the girl who was not invited to join a sorority than from the carelessness of the girl who is pledged. It is easier to be a gracious Lady Bountiful than a real democrat. The test of one's democracy is not in being rich; it is in being poor. Where one person is aloof or superior because he feels himself rich or socially prominent, five are likely to be aloof and unfriendly because they are unduly aware that they have not these advantages. The empty pocket must have a care or it will be unfair to the jingling pocket. It is as much a sin against democracy to be too conscious of other people's money as to be too conscious of one's own; it is just as far from judging men according to their intellectual and spiritual worth.

Further, the student who is too much aware that others have more money than he may fail to remember that he has other advantages which render him likely to be misunderstood by those who are not clever. His protective device of an absorbed and detached manner may bring on him the accusation of intellectual snobbishness. One cannot safely assume that one's college mates care nothing for mental powers and attainments. Once a man came to college poor. That is to say, he had little money for amusements, and he had to live very simply. All he brought to college was a clear, eager, logical mind,

some imagination, a skillful tongue, and a fairly ready pen, a pleasant singing voice, and a shy, sensitive, proud soul. As a Freshman he never thrust any little friendliness on anybody who might not want it. He made the Glee Club and debating teams; he edited the college paper. When he was a senior he heard with amazement that people thought him an intellectual snob. His failure to be actively friendly in little ways had been felt and resented as arrogant consciousness of his advantages. Probably his richer classmates had thought as little of their money as he of his superior endowments. Even if one does occasionally waste a friendly overture, a robustly sensible, democratic young person can take that risk if she wants her college to be a friendly world.

But when we take up our second demand of college life, that we should have a circle of friends, is it true there that the girl without a sorority will lack social life? First of all, she must remember that being pledged by a sorority cannot give a girl friends in the more complete sense of the word. She only gains thereby an opportunity to live close enough to her sisters to see whether they have the like-mindedness which along with use and wont makes friendship. Friendship is no juggler's plant to spring up and blossom in an hour. One cannot be given friends by a unanimous affirmative vote. So if the girl without a sorority is less likely to make friends, it will be because she lets herself become passive, discouraged, when she finds that she does not fit at once into the most obvious scheme of college companionship. But friendship is older than this special scheme, more instinctive and more fundamental. Whatever gives two minds a chance

to discover each other is a chance for friendship, whether it be a sorority fireside, the walk home from the field house, or catching a classmate's eye in mutual delight at some wise and noble thing beautifully said by sage or poet.

It is in the non-essential things of college that we are likely to fall into meaningless social stratification. The noblest-minded Freshman with a frugal allowance cannot risk being invited by a richer classmate to eat at the expensive tea-houses where she could not herself afford to go. People divide into groups according to their amusements. Here the girl with more money should solve the problem by foregoing what she could easily afford and living on equal terms with her classmates. If she is really in earnest about college, she will not run the risk of finding herself isolated from all but her financial peers. College is worth a temporary sacrifice, if it be sacrifice to live simply. And in a world where fortune's wheel turns sometimes so dizzily, the art of living happily on a small amount of money may prove a most useful part of a college education.

By ignoring differences in financial status, by making use of the varied activities of college life to discover congenial spirits, by being ready to give an invitation as well as to accept it, any girl will find herself in time furnished with friends as we ordinarily accept the word. For those who wish a friend or friends in the more profound sense, there is but one counsel: patience. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." One can make ready a sound basis for such a friendship by having great interests to share with the friend when he comes. One only cheapens one's self and repels fine people by crying one's desire for a

friend aloud in the streets as if souls were merchandise. The natural way for us to find our friends in this highest sense is by finding that our deepest desires match: that we want the same kind of world and want it intensely and strive for it by the same means.

So far we have spoken only of the Freshman girl's relation to other girls. But most of the Freshman girls in the United States have also the question of a satisfactory social life with the men of their college. When critics of college speak of the social life, they mean this joint life of men and women students, and they have in mind only their amusements. The critics have called the social life of many a campus excessive, expensive, and undemocratic. Occasionally they say more: that it is cheap and even dishonorable. Often these critics are not foes of college. On the contrary, they believe in college education, and they believe that men and women should share the same college. Often they are graduates of your very college, but the social life that they remember was so inexpensive that even the most frugal of their college mates could afford it. When they see a flotilla of trunks going to the station for a brace of Freshman girls, and know that some sort of motor car may be in the equipment which a proud and profuse father is supplying to a Freshman son or daughter, these alumni cry out in alarm, knowing that the campus is not a club for the youthful rich, and that these trappings may divide students into classes according to their fathers' financial skill or luck, and that the students who hover about the campus in these bright butterfly flutterings may mar the happiness of others, and at the same time defeat their own.

The expense of social life for men and women on the campus attaches to motor cars, clothing, food, and dancing. Some colleges have asked parents not to furnish students with cars; some prohibit student cars. Even those colleges that still leave the question of cars to the discretion of students and their parents, strongly prefer a pedestrian student community. Why? It is not only that the car is a menace to study and scholastic attainment, although of course no college official could share the bewilderment of the father who wondered why his daughter who had admittedly driven a car 30,000 miles during the year had been dropped for poor scholarship. It is not only that it divides the student community artificially into those who spend more and those who spend less. There is the further reason which will appeal strongly to the good sense of Freshman women: the motor car is the most frequent occasion of disturbing rumor about college students. Of course all unproved rumor is a discredit to those who deal in it, but nevertheless it can harm seriously an individual or an institution; and since no man can run swiftly enough to overtake and strike down a hurtful rumor, no wise man or woman will lightly risk his own name or the name of an institution for which he cares. The automobile tempts students to dash off into communities where they are not known and where they can most easily be misunderstood; for example, where youthful high spirits may be called intoxication. It is the nature of the automobile to stray away from home, and to involve emergencies and decisions that require more caution than youthful groups can muster, although any individual in the party could give a wise

decision if his judgment were not disabled by the fact that he is one of a group. For this reason, the car calls for chaperonage in the American sense; *i.e.*, the comradeship of some friendly person old enough not to be afraid to advise caution. For these reasons student leaders in communities where there are cars urge women students not to motor at such times or places as will bring discredit to the individual and misunderstanding to the college. They recognize that the best place for a student car is in the parental garage. At the same time, those who realize that the power to make a wise choice is the essence of humanity hope that it will be the individual student himself who will take the initiative and in the interest of the general good forego the slight additional pleasure which the car gives at college.

As regards extravagance in dress and between-meal food, the good judgment of the individual must solve the problem. Sumptuary laws are proverbially vain. Meanwhile, so long as inequalities exist, the student of smaller income can always serve her college by keeping her mind from dwelling upon them, and by remembering the values which make for real democracy.

Of even more fundamental importance to the girl in her relations to the men of her community are the problems involved in dancing. For a decade or more social dancing has suffered from an invasion of stage dances of doubtful or bad taste. From the stage they came across the footlights to the cabaret; from entertainer to guest at the public dance; from the public dance to the country club; from the country club to the campus. The Freshman girl is not so fortunate as her grandmother. Then

good taste was the social mode; now it must be the individual choice. No girl lives very long without finding that she must sometimes assert her own standards of good taste in such matters as dancing when the men of her own circle, her brothers, her cousins, and even her uncles seem to have left her alone. An irresponsible streak persists in even right-minded boys and men, and they look with detached unconcern or apparent approval at the girl who introduces a cheap or daring note. There is no denying that cheapness does win an apparent, though ephemeral, popularity. The girl who dances daringly may have more partners, but she would be unhappy could she hear the merciless comment that men allow each other concerning the girl whose bad taste plays on the edge of bad morals.

But even when good taste and the good principles of the students have eliminated all objectionable dancing, there remain the criticisms which students themselves have made: for instance, when our particular community of students was recently taking thought for the shortcomings of their social life, one young woman struck out the program of reform. "Tell the boys we don't want to eat so much and dance so much." It is worth consideration. For the dominance of dancing in social life makes it hard for men and women to come to know each other in any but the shallowest way, and the more intellectual men of the upper classes draw away entirely from dancing as a stereotyped amusement of which they are weary. "A moron who looked like me could take my place at the week-ends with Percy, the mechanism man, as her partner," said one girl in a cynical moment

as she slipped into a dance frock. The campus cannot make dancing the one conventional amusement of men and women without wasting a golden opportunity.

For all that has been said about friendship applies to the social life of men and women. The college girl can decide whether she wants friends or flirtations. The college man leaves the decision to the college woman, and he will gladly accept her decision for the higher and more lasting thing if she has the courage to make that decision. By cheap familiarity a girl sins against a man's conception of womanhood and makes life more difficult for him than it need be. At her best, the girl who is a friend to a man of her college is kind to his dream. She sells her birth-right when she becomes a mere playmate, and forgets that God made her for man's helpmeet. In this and in all her relations with other people, the Freshman woman will find the social life which she wants only if she brings to her quest the deepest human reality she has.

THE STUDENT BUDGET

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I. WHAT IS A BUDGET?

“A fool and his money be soon at debate.”

“Budget?” I heard our Mary say as she made her plans for college. “Not for me, thank you! What money I have I shall spend for what I wish, when I wish, and where I wish. I may get hard up toward the end of the month, but at least I shall have had some joy while I did have money.”

To her a budget seemed a veritable kill-joy, standing by always ready to shake his head at an irregular dish of ice-cream or an extra hour of sleep in the morning. He would mock at her weakness if she failed to keep faith with him, or at her discomfiture if she fortified her resolution and hung on. Either way she would squirm horribly. Being tied to mother’s apron string would be freedom compared to being tied to the apron string of a budget.

Now everything went well with Mary at college until one day in November when she learned that she must buy a new book for which she had not planned. It cost two dollars, and she had not a cent. She simply couldn’t write home, asking for extra money when she knew how many things mother needed for herself. She would have to borrow of Jane again.

It was queer about Jane. She always had money, and she rarely lost a good time. She had been able to go on that last week-end trip that Mary had missed because she was out of funds.

Jane was always "there" and "all there." Mary remembered that she had heard Dean Briggs of Harvard say, "The older I grow, the more strongly I feel that the best thing in man or woman is being 'there'." Yes, that was just where Jane always was. If you were ill, she had time to read to you; if your funds ran low, it was she who would see you through. How did she do it? Mary proposed to find out what seemed to her, as she sighed over the lost party, the secret of a happy life. She saw herself in her mad rush from this to that and that to this, too busy to be "there" to anyone. Her lessons were always behind, so she couldn't give time to people who were ill. Tonight would see her mending her only clean blouse at twelve o'clock. Altogether, life was hard, and she intended to release herself from its tyranny, "come what, come may."

"How do I manage?" said Jane, as she handed over the two dollars. "Oh, I have a budget, and I live up to it. I really like to. You see, it's a method of worrying before you spend instead of after. I balance my income with out-go before expenditures are made or contracted. It is a sane, sensible, and detailed plan for making my allowance go around, and it works. I used to think a budget was a kill-joy, but it makes me so much more comfortable that I wouldn't give it up for anything."

Jane had learned that "the world is so full of a number of things" that no one of us can have them all. There

just isn't time enough, or money enough, or strength enough to go all the way around. That means that at every step each must choose what she really wants and plan a way to get it by leaving out some other things. She must ask herself seriously, "Just what seems most valuable to me? What shall I keep? What can I afford to leave out?" Then, having made her decision, she must live up to it. In other words, she lives according to a budget. She applies brains and a steady will to life in such a way as to get the kind of happiness which, in her inmost soul, she really wants.

The other day a man gave to Columbia University the sum of \$100,000 which he said he had accumulated by never having smoked. He chose to make a contribution such as a college department for the study of Chinese literature and art in preference to the temporary pleasure of smoking. He applied the principle of the budget. When Kreisler chose to be a violinist, he by that very decision limited himself. He had to give up many things which he would very much have enjoyed, but he did so because no matter how much he might have liked architecture, medicine, or painting, the thing he apparently prized above all others was skill in playing the violin. Then because he knew what he wanted and planned his time and money and strength so as to get it, he has been able to give the world a priceless gift.

Great people are not great, as we sometimes think, just because of their natural endowment, but because, given certain abilities, they have deliberately decided what they wanted and have used system and industry in getting it. Professor Thorndike, the eminent psychologist,

has shown by a study of successful men that industry and system do usually accompany originality and initiative.

College is particularly rich in its opportunities. Every girl in college must continually keep choosing, budgeting and rebudgeting her resources; but the Freshman especially does well who weighs values closely and selects carefully and wisely. There are many courses of study. There are hundreds of students from whom to choose friends. There are many organizations that present attractions, a multitude of books to be enjoyed, a thousand demands upon one's money. No girl can take all there is to be had. What then does she really want most? What shall she buy with her money, her time, her energy? Shall it be sturdy, well-tried fundamentals like health, fine scholarship, respect of professors and fellow-students, or shall it be ill health, poor scholarship, and cheap popularity? It will not be both. The only way to do is to make the choice, plan for it, and live up to the plan so as to have orderly control over life.

I often think of two boys who went to college about the same time. One went to the "movies" every night, lost out in his work and was generally unhappy, and besides came out of four years of opportunity with no higher appreciations than when he went in. The other boy said, "I save my money for a few good plays and for good music. When Heifitz and Barrymore come to town, I have the money to go." And yet neither boy really preferred the "movie." One had used his head and his will to get what he most wanted.

If you look over the girls in college, you will find a Mary and a Jane in every group. Mary never has enough to go

around; Jane has enough for an emergency. Mary cannot be excused, for any girl with sufficient brains to go to college can look ahead to what she really would like to have, and, instead of frittering her money away on geegaws and her time and energy on inconsequentials, she can get real values. All she needs is to understand and live up to the principle of wise planning.

A budget, then, means brains and courage applied to life. It means "the ability to see life whole and in true proportions," to plan to give your resources of time, money, and strength to things most valuable to you, and then to have backbone and grit enough to live up to your plan. It is not "just a handy economic device; it is an important principle in satisfying and effective living." Looked at as a means to a great end, it does not seem a ball and chain that keeps one shackled, but rather the wings that lift one to a higher plane of enjoyment and accomplishment. It does not bring bondage, but freedom. It is the homely warp and woof out of which you may be able to weave a life in the colors and in the design that you would most like.

II

"Money was made not to command our will
But all our lawful pleasures to fulfill.
Shame and woe to us, if we our wealth obey:
The horse doth with the horseman run away."

— COWLEY.

Money. When we consider what ought to be budgeted, we are likely to think first of money — that commodity which is valuable to us all because it is the means by which

we satisfy so many of our needs and wants. It is a power in our hands, and for that reason must not slip away without forethought. Then too we must think before we spend, because money comes hard. For that which we spend somebody has given in exchange time, energy, part of life itself. Whether it is our own labor and life, our parents', or some other person's, the money has been bought at great cost and should not be sold at too cheap a price. The money that goes into the handy penny-in-the-slot machines which hospitably offer gum, chocolate, nuts, or what-not at every corner, came by toil and sacrifice, and its expenditure may mean lost opportunity. "Many have been ruined by buying good penny-worths," said the wise Franklin long ago, and the wisdom of the old saying is as patent today as it ever was. Those same penny-worths which were the holes in the pocket that emptied the pocketbook, that ruined the man, might have put the foundation under an air castle.

Time. Back of money is time! Time is the primary stuff of which we make life, the most precious thing we have — though that would be hard to guess, for no form of waste is more general than waste of time. Because it never comes in large sums, but just in one minute after another, people do not realize its value. They forget that the fruits of the hour or the month or the year depend on what is sown in the minute. Time also must be budgeted.

System and plan "save time," we say. We mean system and plan drive a good bargain for the minutes that are ours. We all know the girl who is always late, who never finishes her work on time, who studies too much or plays

too much, who can't rest on Sunday because she hasn't planned ahead. She says, "I haven't time," but she means "I didn't plan my time." She may be a bad business woman, allowing her capital to be wasted over a counter of toys and "jim cracks." One fact always remains which is quite different from the facts about her money. She had all of it there was.

Closely allied to time is energy. The number of minutes assigned to a task has little significance unless energy is added to each sixty seconds. There is a story told of a close competition in college between James A. Garfield and a more brilliant contestant. As their fellow students watched developments, they found that Garfield had carefully planned the work of each day and that his light burned twenty minutes longer each night than that of his antagonist. "The methodical work and the extra twenty minutes won."

Energy. Unlike time, the amount of energy which one has differs for each person. It is like money in this respect. Some have much and some have little, but whether there is much or little, there is never enough, and the wise person tries to make his energy give what he most wants. To spend it for nothing is so tragic that the old Greeks set their great sinners to futile tasks in the underworld as punishment. The daughters of Danaus were compelled to pour water from leaky pots into vessels with holes in the bottom, and Sisyphus all day long toiled to roll a stone uphill only to see it roll down at night. A girl likes to know she has accomplished something of worth to herself and the world. How much her energy will yield depends on how well she budgets it.

Time, energy, money — all are sources of income — in the expenditure of which rational planning with due regard to values will determine to a large extent not only what college will bring to a student but also what life will bring in the way of returns on the investment. Time plus energy expended in labor will usually mean money. These are the fundamental stuffs out of which the noblest women make their happiness; out of which they make gifts for the world as have Alice Freeman Palmer, Mme. Curie, Jane Addams, and Helen Keller.

III. WHO OUGHT TO HAVE A BUDGET

“A dillar, a dollar, an account-book scholar;
How does your money last?
I carefully plan as best I can; and
Follow my rules so fast.”

Perhaps some Freshman who is earning her way through college is saying, “But my money would not go around if it were budgeted. I never buy an unnecessary thing. Only by work can I piece out my allowance.” Even in such a case a budget helps; forethought will show new ways of distribution; it may lessen the hours of labor necessary; it may bring a much needed article of clothing. Many a Freshman who thought she had too little to budget has found that with wise planning both money and strength acquire an elastic quality.

Another girl who needs a budget is she who really has enough money if she distributes it properly. Perhaps she should spend less for chocolates and French pastry. A study of the expenses of women students in 114 colleges

reports that a large amount of money slips away for extra food. Clothing budget specialists tell us that a wardrobe should be planned ahead for three years, that it is possible to calculate for the expenses of senior week before the senior year starts. There are multifarious tricks of all kinds in the trade of thrift which can be learned if one would adventure in budgeting.

The third girl who needs to try the game of the budget is the girl with more money than she needs. She runs the danger of being cheated at every turn, of paying her money with small regard for the value of the exchange, and of letting it cheat her also of time and strength. In reality she should be as good business woman as her less plutocratic friends, and should see to it that her greater affluence does not trick her into losing the joy of wise planning and spending.

In short, every college girl should have a budget. Just because she is in college she has a special obligation. College students are the "gilt-edged investments" of society. They are being given four years of freedom from any significant share in the burdens of life so that they may yield valuable dividends by way of contributions to the progress of humanity. Society has such faith in these untried boys and girls that the state, private individuals, and self-sacrificing parents combine resources to support them for four years. Beautiful college halls, fine grounds, splendidly equipped dormitories, and endowed foundations have been provided that these youths may have a maximum of opportunity. During their college days they are, economically speaking, a distinct liability, an unproductive investment, a group in society who for the most

part do not earn the proverbial "bread and butter." Indeed, someone has accused college students of assuming "a million dollar attitude" and a "plutocratic outlook" upon life. It is easy to forget that it is all a bounty invested on faith and with courage because men believe in the potential values of human personality and bank on the dividends of service to humanity. Instead of forgetting, every college girl is in honor bound to justify the fine faith shown by people who have never known or seen her. Only by future achievement can she justify their faith; only by planning can she achieve.

IV. HOW TO KEEP A BUDGET

"Cut my cote after my cloth."

A money budget is always a personal matter. This is true in the first place because no two of us like or want exactly the same things. No two of us value the things of life at the same rate; so if the college girl soberly thinks of the matter, she will not pay for anything according to someone else's standards, but upon the basis of her own happiness in such expenditure. Our needs and desires are different because we are different.

The budget is a personal matter also because our requirements depend upon where we are and what we are doing. You who are college Freshmen have occasion for certain books, clothes, and recreations which may be quite different from those books, clothes, and recreations which your brothers need, or your mothers, or your friends who have started their own homes. Indeed, your own needs in these matters will change as you go out of

college into homes, or into professional life, or move into other communities.

Furthermore, the amount of a girl's income makes her money budget a personal matter. If, for instance, she is earning her own way, she would not be justified in contributing to the stadium at the same rate as her friend who has a generous allowance. She cannot allow herself certain clothes or recreations if by so doing she must curtail sleep or overtax her strength. Someone has remarked that "there is a great difference between students who must earn every cent before they spend it and those whose college dollars come to them at fitting intervals like food to Elijah."

Just because a money budget is so personal a matter, no infallible rules can be given as to how much to spend on this or that, or as to the best plan for keeping records. There are, however, four principles for budget-making which can be applied by anyone.

Know the amount of your income. It may be difficult to find out how much your income is. Parents may not realize the importance of giving a student a stated sum upon which she can count, or they may not be able to do so. A girl who is earning her way wholly or in part may not know what her monthly income is. In such a case the law of averages will help. In any case, the first step is to get some definite idea of how much sure water there is in the well.

Have a spending plan. To make a spending plan you must survey the field to see what the demands are. There is sure to be a Catalogue Expense, which includes the fees for room, board, tuition, and laundry, which the

college levies. Often these items are not subject to much choice. Extra Catalogue Expense, like books, dues, contributions, recreations, and incidentals give more opportunity for the expression of personal judgment. Out of a girl's careful study of what she needs and wants and her serious attempt to fit her resources to those needs and wants there will come the budget plan.

Live honestly by your plan for a test period. More than a plan is needed, however, to make a budget work. It takes character and an account book. A girl must have character to stick to her plan when the budget says "No." She must have an account book in which she records her expenditures and character enough to make herself record them every day so she can compare her plan with the way it works. Many devices have been used. There is a story of an old woman who kept a shop. She posted her accounts in chalk on the back of the door. One day she fell ill and her son came home to manage the business; but he could not read her bookkeeping system and was forced to unhinge the door many times a day and carry it to his mother's room for interpretation. A very awkward account book, but better than none for her purpose. Some girls prefer a tiny book that is ever ready in the hand-bag. They jot down each expenditure as they make it. Others, before they go to bed at night, record the day's spending in a large book or on cards that are classified and filed. Whatever the scheme, a record must be kept, and the keeping will be the more interesting if you remember that the items recorded there show what you are and what you plan to be.

Readjust your plan to meet your needs as they appear.

Not the least important rule for the budget is the fourth, which provides for the apportionment of funds to satisfy these growing and changing desires. Life is bound to change a person's satisfactions. The childish wish for the doll and the playhouse gives way to the thought of one's own home. What a girl values is a sign of the degree of her civilization. A budget is alive and should be subject to change if it is clearly understood that expenditure shall not exceed definite income. The habit of depending on "windfalls" from a generous relative is a canker that eats into self-respecting character. Mr. Micawber trusts that "something will turn up," but wise men *make* their future. It is after all not the budget that limits the expenditure, but the income.

The time budget is as personal a matter as the planning of money, for the same amount of time cannot be allotted by everyone to the same activities. Some of us are just naturally slow at dressing, going about the campus, and getting our lessons. Perhaps we prefer to do less and do it in a leisurely fashion. Others of us enjoy a quicker pace and have many interests and friends that demand attention. We must decide how to use the twenty-four hours so as to get the largest benefit from each. "The most important preliminary," says Arnold Bennett, "is the calm realization of the extreme difficulty of the task." Stiffening your backbone as you plan, you must give to exercise, sleep, work, and play the amount of time that suits your need, never forgetting to allow for the inevitable emergency, the kindly act, the unexpected opportunity.

Energy too is subject to orderly control by means of

the principles of the budget. Inherited constitution and environmental conditions will determine to some extent the amount of our energy, but we ourselves may develop, conserve, and expend it. It is said that Lyman Abbott and Theodore Roosevelt, naturally limited in health and energy, achieved what they did by recognizing their limitations, having a spending plan, steadfastly living up to it, and readjusting their plans as strength and opportunities for service increased.

V. THE SUM OF THE MATTER

“A worthy woman who can find?

For her price is above rubies.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom

And the law of kindness is on her tongue.”

The Book of Proverbs.

“The words of King Lemuel; the oracle which his mother taught him,” says the introductory note to the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs. A wise mother is counseling her son, the king. Her words comprise an excellent dissertation on budget. Though she does not speak of money, time, or energy, she is concerned with wise choice of values, wise planning in order to get those values, and wise living in accord with choice and plan. She is considering the world-old problem of the happy, free life which wise men and women have been thinking of and writing about and working for through all the generations. The wiser men and women have been, the more thought and plan and self-government they have put

into life, for happiness and freedom are not found by selfish satisfaction of the whim of the moment.

The mother of King Lemuel beautifully sets forth the picture of a woman who has brains and uses them to govern her conduct. She tells how full and rich is her life, how industrious she is, how well-ordered is her household, how she "stretches out her hand to the needy." Her "children rise up and call her blessed"; her husband praises her, saying, "Many daughters have done worthily; but thou excellest them all."

This woman's happiness does not come from the satisfaction of a passing wish; it is bound up with the happiness of all with whom she comes in contact, her handmaidens, the shopkeepers, the poor, the rich, the wise, her own family. She has exchanged her resources for permanent riches of knowledge, wisdom, health, beauty, and truth. So precious a heritage can be the possession, in some part at least, of those willing to buy it by intelligent choosing, planning, and spending.

IF I WERE ADVISER TO GIRLS

THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

Dean of Men, University of Illinois

I find no fault with the conventional custom which in the home and in college sends the girl in personal matters to a woman for direction and advice. Such a custom is entirely proper and as it should be, for a woman is in most matters usually infinitely better suited to give such advice than is a man, and is likely to give it with more tact and judgment. In ordinary matters, because she has had experience and because she can better assume the girl's point of view, a woman is much more likely than a man to be right. Her intuitions are keener, she understands the feelings and the emotions of the girl far better than a man is likely to do, because they have been her own feelings and emotions. She is, therefore, likely to be more sympathetic than a man. I have felt, however, that if in the juggling of events it should ever be my lot to be an adviser to girls, I should not be without a certain fitness, for I have known a good many girls through being acquainted with a larger number of boys. The ordinary advice which the young woman gets is from the view of the woman. There are some details, however, in which I think it would be helpful to the girl, if she could get the man's honest viewpoint — what he really thinks; not what he says he thinks.

For many years, through no choice or fault of my own, I have occupied a position which has constituted me a general adviser of young men. This position has given me personal contact with thousands of young men, and has brought to me for solution every problem, social, intellectual, or moral, which may come to young men in college. It has made me familiar with the thoughts and conduct of young men with every variety of training and every standard of living, and with the ideals of the young women with whom they have associated, and though I have never yet reached the point where there is nothing new or interesting, as I hope never to do, I have at least arrived at the situation where I am not easily surprised by anything I may be told.

One of the first things, perhaps, which a college officer in my position will learn is that we shall not get far in the knowledge of the personal life of young men in college, especially in a co-educational institution, without soon coming to know a good deal about young women as individuals and in groups. This information, gathered from the young men I have known, has usually been given me very frankly, sometimes quite unconsciously; sometimes it has been a matter of inference, and often I have woven together the scattered threads of conversation which I have picked up at one place and another, and of them formed the fabric of truth relative to the young man's ideas and reactions. I suppose that often no one would be surprised more than these same young men if I should tell them what a definite impression I get of their young girl friends and what conclusions I draw from the scattered hints which they unconsciously drop in our informal

talks. It is because of these experiences that I have come to realize how certain things in a girl's dress, in her toilet artifices, in her conversation, her conduct, and her ideals in her personal relations with young men, affect these men, and it is concerning these things that I have felt often that I should like to have a quiet, frank talk with girls. I say "I should like to have," and yet I know from a few experiences upon which I have ventured that the sensitive girl does not always take these frank talks kindly, and that the one who has the courage to give them will often have to nerve himself to do the thing that is far from pleasant, and that he really does not like. Proffered advice is seldom eagerly received.

"I have something I should like to say to you," I said to a girl not long ago.

"All right," she replied, "I can listen to anything, just so it's pleasant."

If I were in a position where it was my duty to give advice to girls I hope I should have the courage to tell the simple truth as I saw it, whether it was pleasant or not.

I have never been able to see just why a girl should not be her feminine self rather than to try to imitate or emulate the characteristics of men. I have never taken much stock in the doctrine of the equality of the sexes when that doctrine is understood to mean that men and women are in all things to be on the same mental and social and moral plane. Young men and women in general are not alike either mentally or temperamentally, as anyone soon realizes who has to deal with them as constantly and in as great numbers as I have had to do, and I am glad they are not. I wish sincerely, too, that they may never become so.

I believe that it was never intended that they should do so. The charm and the attractiveness and the effectiveness of each is largely dependent upon the fact that they are different. Mannish women and effeminate men seldom make a strong appeal.

It is largely this insistence and desire of women to be like men that has caused women to go into various sorts of business for which they are not quite certainly fitted; it is what has caused them to adopt habits like smoking, for instance, which has possibly made them a little less refined and because of their more highly organized nervous systems has injured them physically more frequently than has been the case with men. There is no logical reason, so far as I can see, why girls should not do whatever a man does, just as there is no reason why a man going out in the evening should not rouge his cheeks and curl his hair and put rings in his ears and a diamond brooch on his bosom, but he would resign some of his manly characteristics if he did, just as the girl loses much of her feminine attractiveness and charm when she assumes any of those habits and customs which are or have been distinctly masculine. If she should take a man's advice, she would still continue to be as womanly, and not as manly, as possible.

A girl usually talks more readily and easily than a man, but she will be wise if she thinks twice before making a confidant of a man on private and delicate matters, unless he be her father or her brother, no matter what the man's age may be or the sincerity of his friendship. The proper confidant of a girl is her mother. "Men are so much more sympathetic," I have heard girls say, "and they often

understand girls better than women do!" It is quite possible; I should not care to argue that point; but ordinarily I have found that the better understanding, if there were such, was of very little advantage in the developing of the girl's character or in directing her wisely or in helping her out of her troubles.

As I was riding in a railway train not long ago I was forced to listen to a conversation going on between a middle-aged traveling man and a young woman twenty years old, perhaps, who had taken a seat beside him. It was easy to infer from the talk that they had never before met, and to my relief it was quite as easy to draw the conclusion that he was a sensible, kind-hearted gentleman, and that she was a girl well brought up but quite lacking in judgment. During the one hundred miles that they were together she told him of her ambitions, of her troubles at home, of her love affairs, of every personal thing in fact that had seemed to touch her. Had she not revealed more than once during her conversation that it was otherwise, I should have supposed that he was an old friend of the family whom she had known from infancy rather than a total stranger whom she had encountered quite by accident on this journey. She left the train finally, and her companion after helping her off came back and dropped into the seat beside me. "She isn't safe," he said by way of explanation, and I agreed as I now agree that the girl who opens up her private affairs for the inspection of any man has by so doing broken down effectually one barrier of personal protection. The girl who persists in talking to strangers about her private affairs opens the doorway for the entrance of all sorts of

moral and social dangers. She is shutting out a larger danger than she knows when she maintains a quiet reserve, when she keeps these private and personal affairs to herself.

Though it is true that most men do not have the intuition usually attributed to young women, yet young men are quite likely to detect in the young women with whom they associate subterfuge and deceit, and this knowledge or detection they are not likely to reveal to her. I was interested lately in listening to the conversation of two young men with regard to a young woman of their common acquaintance. The first young man had invited her to a party, and she had accepted. Later the second young man had asked her to accompany him to a dinner on the same evening. She preferred the dinner to the dance, so she pleaded illness as an excuse to break the first engagement and went to the dinner with the second young man. Her one weakness and deceit made them suspect a dozen others. They had no confidence either in her word or her character. Neither respected her afterwards, and though they never explained to her, neither ever invited her again. Young men are usually too frank and open with each other for such deceit on the part of girls to be long concealed, and in the end the girl suffers. Had the two young men not told each other, the girl herself would probably have given it away to another girl, and soon the whole town would have known it.

The toilet artifices which a woman employs almost never deceive a man, and tend to make her cheap and common in his estimation. He knows when she gets her complexion from a bottle or a box, and when she puts it on with a pen-

cil or a chamois cloth. He knows whether her curls are securely attached to her scalp or whether she hangs them over the back of a chair when she goes to sleep at night. This knowledge has its effect upon him over and above the physical charm which the artifices exert, and if I could have a quiet talk with her, I should like to tell her that the effect is not quite what a modest, sensible girl would wish. Just yesterday, accompanied by a Junior, as I was walking to my office after lunch, I met a young college girl well known among the undergraduates. She is generally spoken of or addressed by a friendly nickname, she is discussed in detail on every occasion, and her cosmetics are analyzed daily at a dozen fireside laboratories. She was carefully, if not extremely, dressed. One could not see her face without being impressed by it, even if one did not turn, as most young fellows did, to look at it the second time. Her carefully penciled eyebrows stood out black and distinct in their artificial line, her bright red lips, her white enameled neck and shoulders revealed by the low-cut blouse, and her cheeks beautifully soft and vividly pink were as attractive as an artificial flower. "Polly has some skill with the brush," remarked my companion knowingly. There was no deceit about her complexion; it was incontestably well made and securely put on, but there was not a young man in college who, seeing her a block away, would for a moment have imagined that it was her own. Such chemical tricks, even when they are boldly and openly indulged in, usually suggest to a man who sees them shallowness, instability, a lack of genuineness and modesty on the part of the young woman who resorts to them, and so to a certain

degree a weakness or lack of character. With such a girl a man is likely to feel less restraint, freer of speech and action — he can take more liberties — and I am sorry to say he usually does, for I do not wish to minimize his weaknesses — and such a girl is less free from vulgar attention among strangers and less safe. It is true that some refined and cultivated women resort to these skilful artifices with the hope of thus concealing their age, enhancing their beauty, and deceiving the unsophisticated, — it is the privilege of oncoming age to conceal itself if possible — but it is also unfortunately true that all women of low character do so, and sometimes with even more consummate skill. It is a sort of challenge to a man's attention, and how is one to know to which class the woman in question belongs, the young fellow asks; and as a result his respect for all women who resort to these cosmetrical tricks is, whether he is conscious of it or not, somewhat lowered.

The fact that a young man will compliment a girl on the scantiness of her dress or upon the skill with which she has applied her cosmetic counts for little. He realizes the purpose she had in mind and knows that it is up to him. He would ordinarily feel that he had fallen somewhat short of his social duty if he did not thus rise to the occasion. He meets her deceit with his own, but whether or not he realizes it at the time, he thinks less of her.

The wise girl, and the one who will in the end win most respect and the greatest number of friends, is the girl who stands firmly for social conventionalities. Some of these social forms, it is true, often seem foolish or unnecessary, but they are usually in the long run the test of character.

The girl who attends a dance that is unchaperoned, who goes through an evening's entertainment without speaking to the hostess or the reception committee, who allows the young man to stay a little later than the house rules permit, who permits familiarities or unconventionalities of any sort, has by so doing weakened her social fortress, and helped to undermine the respect for herself of the very young man who may have urged her to do the unconventional thing, and who may have lauded her afterwards for being a good sport. I should like to impress the fact upon girls that they do not lose a man's respect — not even the respect of a careless, unconventional man — when they voice their objections to social unconventionalities. Our girls are constantly making protests to the Dean of Women because the men by whom they have been entertained have been careless of conventional matters or have ignored them. Sometimes they even come to me.

"Did you say anything?" I asked the last young woman who was complaining to me that there had been no chaperones at the last club dance which she had attended.

"No" was her reply.

"Why?" I queried.

"Because I didn't want to annoy the young man whose guest I was, or make him angry."

When I called the young man who had been in charge of the dance in question and asked why he had permitted the irregularity, he answered quite frankly, "Why, I know it was bad form, but the girls never say anything, and so we naturally infer that they don't care. Some of them even go so far as to call it good fun and to commend us for our independence." And yet these girls were modest

and entirely irreproachable in character, and the boys were eager to do anything that the girls would ask. It takes courage to stand for the conventional; it requires *finesse* and quick thinking to ward off familiarity when the experience comes, as it often does, subtly and unexpectedly. She must keep her dignity and yet not seem a prude.

If I were adviser to girls, I should caution young women against extremes of any sort in dress. The girl who by her ultra dressing attracts attention to herself as she walks across the campus, by that very act, in the minds of all young men, reflects upon her own character.

An upper classman came to me a few years ago to protest against a suggestive line about his sister which had appeared in the humorous column of the college paper. It was humiliating to him and irritating to me, but I was forced to say that she had brought the vulgar comment upon herself. Her wardrobe was limited, and it was so extreme as to attract almost universal attention. Jane's plaid skirt, bobbed hair, her flopping galoshes, and her vivid green sweater would cause even the most absent-minded and unobserving professor to "come to" with a start as his eye caught sight of her across the campus two blocks away. There was constant and profuse comment upon her, and none of it was complimentary.

Every healthy young woman naturally wants to be becomingly dressed, and so of course wants to be dressed in keeping with the latest style, but it is possible to be stylish without being freakish. Extremes of dress of all sorts that expose the wearer's figure, all have their effects upon the characters and the ideals of the young women

who wear these extreme clothes. There is a sex appeal, good or bad, in the clothes a girl wears more than she often realizes, I hope, and more than a man can resist. Only recently I was looking over the photographs submitted for publication in the so-called "beauty section" of a college annual. Many of the pictures showed the young women in dresses cut so low as to reach almost the limits of modesty. "If the girls only realized what the influence of such pictures and such dressing is upon us fellows," one of the boys remarked to me, "I believe they would be more conservative and more careful." And they would, if they had the right ideals.

A girl's speech, and by that I mean her tone, her accent, her choice of words, marks her and suggests her character perhaps even more surely than her manner of dress. It will be useless, perhaps, to advise her not to use slang, though there are, of course, different grades of slang, some less coarse and vulgar than others, and it ought not to be necessary to emphasize the impression made by profanity, but every time she utters a profane word or falls into coarse, vulgar slang she is less effective, less attractive in any man's eyes, and less a refined woman. Sometimes a girl feels the necessity of playing up to a man's uncertain questionable talk; she wants to be a good fellow, and she hardly knows how to do it. I could tell her, if I stopped long enough to do so, that though he may laugh raucously at her expression, he really does not care for it; she falls a little in his estimation, even though he slaps her on the shoulder and calls her a "good sport." Most of the girls who were once known in college as "good sports" or "good fellows" or "popular girls" are either

not married at all, or are unhappily married. The sensible man usually knows enough to steer clear of this sort when it comes to matrimony.

There is nothing which men admire in women more than youth, and youth may go at twenty or still be looking smilingly out of the eyes at forty. Girls are sometimes so afraid of losing some pleasure that they rush from one event to another; they sate themselves with society and become *blasé* almost before childhood has passed. It is the viewpoint of middle age, no doubt, but if I were adviser to girls, I should try to show them how precious youth and natural beauty are, how foolish it is to waste these needlessly, to covet the pleasures of middle age before the end of youth has been reached, for I know very well that they will never be sorry to have stayed young as long as possible.

A young woman came into my office not long ago to ask for advice. She was slender and pink-cheeked and girlish in every line and accent, and she was dressed most modestly and attractively.

"I want to go to college," she announced, "but as I have never graduated from high school, I shall have to enter as a special student."

"I am afraid you can't," I said regretfully, "for to enter as a special student one must be twenty-one years old or over."

"But I'm twenty-eight," she admitted unblushingly.

"Well, if it's any satisfaction to you," I rejoined, "you don't look it." She had learned the secret of youth, as I wish every girl could learn. She had realized the advantage of going slowly.

Most girls whom I have known, especially most pretty, attractive, popular girls, in a co-educational institution, put a heavy drain upon their nervous energies and often actually injure their health because they hesitate to refuse any invitation from a man for fear that if they once refuse he will not ask them again, and so their popularity may wane. There is no more foolish girl than the one who does not have dignity and force and tact enough to decline an invitation which she ought not to accept, and who is willing to risk her health and her strength in order that she may save her popularity. I learned a long time ago that the girl who goes every time she is asked, and who begins to show the fact by her jaded appearance, soon loses the popularity which she was struggling so hard to maintain.

There is a prevalent kind of philosophy among girls which promulgates the idea — and there is no falser one extant — that though a young fellow may be a little gay during courtship, may drink too much on occasion, or gamble a little, be a little careless about keeping his word or meeting his obligations, and sow a few wild oats in stray corners, when the matrimonial noose tightens about his neck he may be quietly led back into the straightest sort of paths. I should like to make it quite clear that marriage seldom if ever reforms a man. If he changes, the process is a sadly slow one. The habits and tendencies of years are as little affected by the marriage ceremony as by one's getting any other new job. A girl should be satisfied with the man as he is when she marries him and be delighted if she is lucky enough to change him gradually into something better.

The girl who bids for attention is never popular. There is nothing that so palls upon a young man and so dampens his ardor as ease of conquest; there is nothing so stimulating of interest as indifference or difficulty of attainment. As a young woman is quite unlikely to find permanent interest in any man who is so infatuated that he comes at her beck and call, so the girl who shows eagerness loosens her hold on popularity. This is the main reason why it is often impossible for one young woman to understand why another one is unpopular; but the boy knows. The easily won girl may be chronically engaged, but she seldom marries. To the sensible, clean fellow she soon grows uninteresting, a little shop-worn, a little soiled from being tossed about.

A few months ago I had an opportunity to observe in a little country town in Italy two American girls who were attracting considerable attention. They were thoroughly artificial in manner, in speech, in complexion. They were dressed in the most extreme mode of an ultra style. Every foreigner, not to speak of every American, turned his head to look again as they passed. I have no doubt that on the whole they were modest, well-meaning girls, but their make-up was a challenge to every man they met to show them attention, and they received much that was not pleasing. In contrast to these two was a group of young women from an Ohio college whom it was my pleasure to meet during the same summer in another Italian village. They were natural, genuine, unartificial, conservative in dress and manner. They had gone everywhere in a country sometimes thought dangerous for women to travel in alone, and had had no unpleasant

experiences, because they had revealed their true character to every one they met.

If I were adviser to girls, I think I should try to let them see that the things which men often seem blind to, they ordinarily are quite well aware of; that the things they often seem most to admire they care the least for; that the convention against which they rail they do not really despise, and the indiscretions which they frequently advocate they would very much dislike to see engaged in by their sisters or by the young women with whom they associate. Natural manners, natural and refined speech, a natural complexion, a quiet self-restraint, modesty in dress, a respect for conventionalities, a low laugh, constancy in friendship — all these I have learned from my contact with men are appealing in women and ultimately win respect and admiration. If I were giving advice to girls, I should urge them to cultivate these qualities, and I should assure them that the average young fellow sees through subterfuges, recognizes artificialities, and has little respect for that which is not genuine and conventional in girls.

THE PRINCIPLE OF HABIT¹

ITS ETHICAL AND PEDAGOGICAL IMPORTANCE

WILLIAM JAMES

"Habit a second nature! Habit is ten times nature," the Duke of Wellington is said to have exclaimed; and the degree to which this is true no one probably can appreciate as well as one who is a veteran soldier himself. The daily drill and the years of discipline end by fashioning a man completely over again, as to most of the possibilities of his conduct.

"There is a story," says Professor Huxley, "which is credible enough, though it may not be true, of a practical joker who, seeing a discharged veteran carrying home his dinner, suddenly called out, 'Attention!' whereupon the man instantly brought his hands down, and lost his mutton and potatoes in the gutter. The drill had been thorough, and its effects had become embodied in the man's nervous structure."

Riderless cavalry-horses, at many a battle, have been seen to come together and go through their customary evolutions at the sound of the bugle call. Most domestic beasts seem machines almost pure and simple, undoubtedly, unhesitatingly doing from minute to minute the

¹ Reprinted by permission from *Psychology, Briefer Course*, copyright, 1892, by Henry Holt and Co., New York.

duties they have been taught, and giving no sign that the possibility of an alternative ever suggests itself to their minds. Men grown old in prison have asked to be re-admitted after being once set free. In a railroad accident a menagerie tiger, whose cage had broken open, is said to have emerged, but presently crept back again, as if too much bewildered by his new possibilities, so that he was without difficulty secured.

Habit is thus the enormous fly-wheel of society, its most precious conservative agent. It alone is what keeps us all within the bounds of ordinance, and saves the children of fortune from the envious uprisings of the poor. It alone prevents the hardest and most repulsive walks of life from being deserted by those brought up to tread therein. It keeps the fisherman and the deckhand at sea through the winter; it holds the miner in his darkness, and nails the countryman to his log-cabin and his lonely farm through all the months of snow; it protects us from invasion by the natives of the desert and the frozen zone. It dooms us all to fight out the battle of life upon the lines of our nurture or our early choice, and to make the best of a pursuit that disagrees, because there is no other for which we are fitted, and it is too late to begin again. It keeps different social strata from mixing. Already at the age of twenty-five you see the professional mannerism settling down on the young commercial traveller, on the young doctor, on the young minister, on the young counsellor-at-law. You see the little lines of cleavage running through the character, the tricks of thought, the prejudices, the way of the "shop" in a word, from which the man can by-and-by no more escape than his coat-sleeve can suddenly fall

is like the letting fall of a ball of string which one is carefully winding up; a single slip undoes more than a great many turns will wind again. *Continuity* of training is the great means of making the nervous system act infallibly right. As Professor Bain says:

“The peculiarity of the moral habits, contradistinguishing them from the intellectual acquisitions, is the presence of two hostile powers, one to be gradually raised into the ascendant over the other. It is necessary, above all things, in such a situation, never to lose a battle. Every gain on the wrong side undoes the effect of many conquests on the right. The essential precaution, therefore, is so to regulate the two opposing powers that the one may have a series of uninterrupted successes until repetition has fortified it to such a degree as to enable it to cope with the opposition under any circumstances. This is the theoretically best career of mental progress.”

The need of securing success at the *outset* is imperative. Failure at first is apt to damp the energy of all future attempts, whereas past experiences of success nerve one to future vigor. Goethe said to a man who consulted him about an enterprise but mistrusted his own powers, “Ach! you need only blow on your hands!” And the remark illustrates the effect on Goethe’s spirits of his own habitually successful career.

The question of “tapering-off” in abandoning such habits as drink and opium indulgence comes in here, and is a question about which experts differ within certain limits, and in regard to what may be best for an individual case. In the main, however, all expert opinion would agree that abrupt acquisition of the new habit is the

best way, if there be a real possibility of carrying it out. We must be careful not to give the will so stiff a task as to insure its defeat at the very outset; but, provided one can stand it, a sharp period of suffering, and then a free time, is the best thing to aim at, whether in giving up a habit like that of opium, or in simply changing one's hours of rising or of work. It is surprising how soon a desire will die of inanition if it be *never* fed.

"One must first learn, unmoved, looking neither to the right nor left, to walk firmly on the straight and narrow path, before one can begin 'to make one's self over again.' He who every day makes a fresh resolve is like one who, arriving at the edge of the ditch he is to leap, forever stops and returns for a fresh run. Without *unbroken* advance there is no such thing as *accumulation* of the ethical forces possible, and to make this possible, and to exercise us and habituate us in it, is the sovereign blessing of regular work." ¹

A third maxim may be added to the preceding pair: *Seize the very first opportunity to act on every resolution you make, and on every emotional prompting you may experience in the direction of the habits you aspire to gain.* It is not in the moment of their forming, but in the moment of their producing *motor effects*, that resolves and aspirations communicate the new "set" to the brain. As the author last quoted remarks:

"The actual presence of the practical opportunity alone furnishes the fulcrum upon which the lever can rest, by means of which the moral will may multiply its strength, and raise itself aloft. He who has no solid ground to press

¹ J. Bahnsen, *Beitrage zu Charakterologie* (1867), vol. i, p. 209.

into a new set of folds. On the whole, it is best he should not escape. It is well for the world that in most of us, by the age of thirty, the character has set like plaster, and will never soften again.

If the period between twenty and thirty is the critical one in the formation of intellectual and professional habits, the period below twenty is more important still for the fixing of personal habits, properly so called, such as vocalization and pronunciation, gesture, motion, and address. Hardly ever is a language learned after twenty spoken without a foreign accent; hardly ever can a youth transferred to the society of his betters unlearn the nasality and other vices of speech bred in him by associations of his growing years. Hardly ever, indeed, no matter how much money there be in his pocket, can he ever learn to dress like a gentleman born. The merchants offer their wares as eagerly to him as to the veriest "swell," but he simply cannot buy the right things. An invisible law, as strong as gravitation, keeps him within his orbit, arrayed this year as he was the last; and how his better clad acquaintances contrive to get the things they wear will be for him a mystery to his dying day.

The great thing, then, in all education, is to *make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy*. It is to fund and capitalize our acquisitions, and live at ease upon the interest of the fund. *For this we must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can*, and guard against the growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us, as we should guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of autom-

atism, the more our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work. There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision, and for whom the lighting of every cigar, the drinking of every cup, the time of rising and going to bed every day, and the beginning of every bit of work, are subjects of express volitional deliberation. Full half the time of such a man goes to the deciding, or regretting, of matters which ought to be so ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all. If there be such daily duties not yet ingrained in any one of my readers, let him begin this very hour to set the matter right.

In Professor Bain's chapter on "The Moral Habits" there are some admirable practical remarks laid down. Two great maxims emerge from his treatment. The first is that in the acquisition of a new habit, or the leaving off of an old one, we must take care to *launch ourselves with as strong and decided initiative as possible*. Accumulate all the possible circumstances which shall reinforce the right motives; put yourself assiduously in conditions that encourage the new way; make engagements incompatible with the old; take a public pledge, if the case allows; in short, envelop your resolution with every aid you know. This will give your new beginning such a momentum that the temptation to break down will not occur as soon as it otherwise might; and every day during which a breakdown is postponed adds to the chances of its not occurring at all.

The second maxim is, *Never suffer an exception to occur till the new habit is securely rooted in your life*. Each lapse

against will never get beyond the stage of empty gesture-making."

No matter how full a reservoir of *maxims* one may possess, and no matter how good one's *sentiments* may be, if one has not taken advantage of every concrete opportunity to act, one's character may remain entirely unaffected for the better. With mere good intentions, hell is proverbially paved. And this is an obvious consequence of the principles we have laid down. A "character," as J. S. Mill says, "is a completely fashioned will"; and a will, in the sense in which he means it, is an aggregate of tendencies to act in a firm and prompt and definite way upon all the principal emergencies of life. A tendency to act only becomes effectively ingrained in us in proportion to the uninterrupted frequency with which the actions actually occur, and the brain "grows" to their use. When a resolve or a fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate without bearing practical fruit, it is worse than a chance lost. It works so as positively to hinder future resolutions and emotions from taking the normal path of discharge. There is no more contemptible type of human character than that of the nerveless sentimentalist and dreamer who spends his life in a weltering sea of sensibility and emotion, but who never does a manly concrete deed. Rousseau, inflaming all the mothers of France by his eloquence to follow Nature and nurse their babies themselves, while he sends his own children to the foundling hospital, is the classical example of what I mean. But every one of us in his measure, whenever, after glowing for an abstractly formulated Good, he practically ignores some actual case among the squalid "other particulars" of which that same

Good lurks disguised, treads straight on Rousseau's path. All Goods are disguised by the vulgarity of their concomitants, in this work-a-day world; but woe to him who can only recognize them when he thinks them in their pure and abstract form! The habit of excessive novel-reading and theatre-going will produce true monsters in this line. The weeping of the Russian lady over the fictitious personages in the play, while her coachman is freezing to death on his seat outside, is the sort of thing that everywhere happens on a less glaring scale. Even the habit of excessive indulgence in music, for those who are neither performers themselves nor musically gifted enough to take it in a purely intellectual way, has probably a relaxing effect upon the character. One becomes filled with emotions which habitually pass without prompting to any deed, and so the inertly sentimental condition is kept up. The remedy would be, never to suffer one's self to have an emotion at a concert, without expressing it afterward in *some* way. Let the expression be the least thing in the world — speaking genially to one's grandmother, or giving up one's seat in the horse-car, if nothing more heroic offers — but let it not fail to take place.

These latter cases make us aware that it is not simply *particular lines* of discharge, but also *general forms* of discharge, that seem to be grooved out by habit in the brain. Just as, if we let our emotions evaporate, they get into a way of evaporating; so there is reason to suppose that if we often flinch from making an effort, before we know it the effort-making capacity will be gone; and that, if we suffer the wandering of our attention, presently it will wander all the time. Attention and effort are, as we shall

see later, but two names for the same psychic fact. To what brain processes they correspond we do not know. The strongest reason for believing that they do depend on brain processes at all, and are not pure acts of the spirit, is just this fact, that they seem in some degree subject to the law of habit, which is a material law. As a final practical maxim, relative to these habits of the will, we may, then, offer something like this: *keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day.* That is, be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points, do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test. Asceticism of this sort is like the insurance which a man pays on his house goods. The tax does him no good at the time, and possibly may never bring him a return. But if the fire *does* come, his having paid it will be his salvation from ruin. So with the man who has daily inured himself to habits of concentrated things. He will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him, and when his softer fellow-mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast.

The physiological study of mental conditions is thus the most powerful ally of hortatory ethics. The hell to be endured hereafter, of which theology tells, is no worse than the hell we make for ourselves in this world by habitually fashioning our characters in the wrong way. Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every

smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never-so-little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, "I won't count this time!" Well! he may not count it and a kind heaven may not count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve-cells and fibres the molecules are counting it, registering it, and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out. Of course this has its good side as well as its bad one. As we become permanent drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral, and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres, by so many separate acts and hours of work. Let no youth have an anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keep faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning, to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation, in whatever pursuit he may have singled out. Silently, between all the details of his business, the *power of judging* in all that class of matter will have built itself up within him as a possession that will never pass away. Young people should know this truth in advance. The ignorance of it has probably engendered more discouragement and faintheartedness in youths embarking on arduous careers than all other causes put together.

GOOD HEALTH

LETTER FROM A MEDICAL MAN TO HIS NIECE

CHARLES D. LOCKWOOD, M.D.

As you are just entering upon your college career I want to give you some advice about your health. Good health is the most precious possession you have, for not only your happiness is dependent upon it, but also your efficiency and usefulness as a member of society. To be sure, there have been some indomitable souls, such for example as Robert Louis Stevenson, who have risen above their physical handicaps and have made great contributions to society. But they are the exceptions, and it is probable that their lives would have been much more productive had they been blessed with robust health.

At the same time that I am counseling you to pay heed to your health, I wish also to warn you against over-anxiety about your bodily functions. This latter leads to a condition known as "neurasthenia," a condition even worse than genuine ill health. Such an abnormal state of mind renders you a prey to a thousand groundless fears, robs you of the normal enjoyments of life, and makes you more or less of a nuisance to your friends. The normal, healthy girl should be unconscious of the physiological processes going on in her body and yet wise enough to recognize serious disturbances and to seek advice. The

thought I am trying to convey to you is well expressed by the great French scientist, Pierre Curie, when he says: "We must eat, drink, sleep, love, be idle, touch the sweetest things of life, and yet not succumb to them."

There is a far more important reason than the purely personal and selfish one why you should conserve your health. This is the obligation that every young person of sound physical and mental endowment owes to the state. Upon you devolves the solemn duty of transmitting those qualities of mind and body that shall ensure the perpetuity of the race. Scientists who have made a careful study of our national life and tendencies, find that there has been a rapid decline in the past two generations in America, of those intellectual traits essential to national greatness and stability. We are rapidly approaching a time when there will be a paucity, in the United States, of men and women of genius and creative ability who can furnish leadership and guidance to the nation. Biologists and physiologists are agreed that the only hope of race progress is through heredity, and that there has been an alarming decline in the characteristics essential to racial advancement. Health, sanity, and creative energy are the most important of these inherited traits, and the preservation and transmission of them is the highest duty of citizenship.¹ Jazz, alcohol, and sexual immorality are sapping the vitality of the race; we are nearing the precipice over which all previous civilizations have plunged, but it is not too late to save ourselves if we can conserve these precious inheritable qualities for future generations.

The principal factors, apart from heredity, which con-

¹ See *The New Decalogue of Science*, Wiggam.

tribute to good health are: food, exercise, sleep, and mental environment. I want to write briefly about each of these.

1. *Food.* The ultimate fate of all food consumed by man is much the same, no matter what its original form. By the processes of digestion the food substances are converted into nutrients and waste products. The nutrients are carried to the tissues by the blood and the waste products are eliminated through the skin, kidneys, bowels, and lungs. These processes of digestion are largely chemical and are all included by pathologists under the term "metabolism." A healthy young individual can eat with safety almost any kind of food suitable for human consumption. So you see it is not so much a matter of what you eat, if only it be wholesome and abundant. Fortunately in this land of plenty there is an abundance of good nutritious food.

Experience and history have taught us that the human race thrives best upon a mixed diet consisting of meat, fruit, and vegetables. As has already been mentioned, nature's laboratory is capable of extracting from foods the essential elements for nutrition, and no matter what the food eaten, the final product utilized by the bodily tissues will be the same. However, the amount and value of utilizable elements varies greatly in different foods. You no doubt will encounter people with all sorts of dietetic fads. Some will advise a strict vegetable diet; others will advocate only raw foods; some will urge no breakfast; still others will tell you not to drink with your meals and to chew each mouthful of food until your jaws are sore. I adjure you to turn a deaf ear to all such

faddists and be guided by your common sense or by a good physician. The essential things in the matter of diet for you to remember are the following:

(a) Eat slowly and thoroughly masticate your food.

(b) Do not eat a hearty meal when you are very tired or must at once undergo any great mental or physical strain. You will find that you will do much better in all mental and physical contests if you eat lightly before undertaking them.

(c) Do not eat between meals; regularity is a most important thing.

(d) Eat meat but once a day and then sparingly; fresh fruits and vegetables freely; and milk as a beverage. Coffee or tea once daily is not harmful. Drink water freely with your meals and three or four glasses between meals. Pastry and sweetmeats and condiments clog the digestive system and will reduce your efficiency.

2. *Exercise.* The most important thing in connection with exercise is that it be agreeable and leave you exhilarated, although tired. Any form of exercise which is forced and leaves you exhausted is harmful. Healthy girls with no physical weaknesses or defects can safely take any kind of exercise; but it is a wise precaution to have a physical examination before entering upon the more strenuous forms of athletics, such as tennis, swimming, rowing, and basket ball. Most colleges and universities require such examination and have a required course of exercises under the guidance of a physical director. These exercises in the gymnasiums are of value, but they lack the spontaneity and exhilaration that come from competitive games in the open air.

I would recommend to you diversity in your sports and exercise, for in this way you will bring about a symmetrical development of your muscles and add both to the grace of your movements and to your powers of endurance. The best of all exercise, suitable to everyone and most adaptable to any physical limitations, is walking. Next in value as an all-around means of development I would recommend horseback riding. It is not only a valuable form of exercise, but it develops a spirit of courage and independence in which many girls are lacking. For the development of grace in carriage and movement I advise dancing. For the cultivation of accuracy and self-control, the best sports are archery and golf. The more violent forms of exercise, such as track athletics, tennis, swimming, rowing, and basket ball are apt to be overdone unless one trains for them systematically. Vigorous exercise should be followed by a warm shower bath and rubbing with a coarse towel. A half hour of rest, lying down, is a good practice after strenuous exercise, especially if it is shortly before meals. It is harmful to take any but the gentlest exercise after a full meal, and girls should avoid violent exertion at the monthly period.

3. *Sleep.* Sleep is one of the most interesting phenomena of animal life. Its function is to restore the cellular substances consumed by bodily activity. Muscular and brain fatigue are due to the loss of these substances, which are stored up in the tissues during periods of rest. The character of the body cells and their content varies with the different organs of the body and with the function which they have to perform. For example, the

substance stored in the muscle cells is called "myosin," while that in the brain cells is called "neuroglia." Experiments on animals have shown that these cells become exhausted after violent exercise, severe injury, fright, or great emotion. If through any of these causes cell exhaustion is pushed too far, permanent injury or even death may ensue. Prolonged rest, and especially sleep, will usually restore the cells to a normal condition. Because of the great activity of young people, cell destruction goes on rapidly, especially in the muscles and organs of digestion. So young people require more sleep to maintain their strength and vitality than older people. This physiological process of cell destruction and restoration was formerly compared to the consumption of fuel in the production of heat; but our modern knowledge of physics leads us to believe that the cellular activities of the body are more closely analogous to those of an electric battery. Each of the millions of cells in the body is a tiny battery, and just as the battery in an automobile becomes exhausted and requires recharging, so the exhausted cells of the body are restored to normal by food and rest. Thus you will see how important sleep is in the maintenance of bodily vigor and mental activity. You cannot hope to excel in either mental or physical tests if you rob yourself of sleep. You should so plan your recreations and amusements that you will not be deprived of an abundance of sleep. If you contemplate a day of strenuous athletics or one of concentrated mental effort, see that you get an hour or two of extra sleep. If you come home late at night and are confronted by a serious mental test on the following day, such, for ex-

ample, as an examination, you will do better to spend the time sleeping than to try to cram your tired brain cells with knowledge. You should average at least eight hours of sleep in the twenty-four, and nine or ten would be better.

4. *Mental environment.* There has been much said and written about the influence of mind over body. Most of the statements made upon this subject are not based upon our modern knowledge of physiology and psychology. What we speak of as the mind, or our mental processes, is simply the result of brain function; and the brain comes under exactly the same physiological laws as any other organ of the body, such as the liver or kidney. It is composed of cells differing from the other cells of the body only in the fact that they are more highly specialized and through their connection with the external organs of sense respond more readily to external impressions or stimuli.

There is, however, one important particular in which the brain differs from other organs. In the healthy individual all of the internal organs, such as the heart, kidneys, and glands, act without our being conscious of them and independent of voluntary control. Not so with the brain. As we grow up and recognize the necessity of making our own choices, we are able voluntarily, by our thoughts and our acts, to influence the arrangement of cells in the brain and to determine beforehand largely the way they will act under certain conditions. These habits of thought and action are also largely determined by our mental environment in early youth. I shall not dwell upon the importance of habit, but I wish to point out in connection with cellular activity the importance of right thinking

and mental environment in the formation of character and the development of your intellectual outlook. Mental environment not only has an important bearing upon your intellectual development, but it also profoundly affects your health. So-called "nervous wrecks" are so chiefly because they have lived in an atmosphere of introspection and self-pity, and have failed to educate properly their brain-centers which have to do with self-control and a cheerful outlook on life. Of course you cannot always choose your associates; but you can in a large measure avoid those whom you find depressing and seek the companionship of those who are cheerful, optimistic, and stimulating. You can also direct your thoughts into channels that will fortify you against unnecessary worry and apprehension, which as truly sap your vitality as the real ills of life. Instead of assuming a critical, complaining attitude toward the everyday things of life, deliberately determine that you will not allow petty annoyances to disturb your equanimity. Strike a happy balance between nervous apprehension and stoicism. This state of mind is well summed up by Washington Irving when he says: "If I cannot get a dinner to suit my taste, I get a taste to suit my dinner."

Finally, let me give you a few words of advice about your relations to your physician, should it be necessary for you to consult one. No doubt the college has a physician whom it recommends, and he would of course be a safe person to consult. Should you be in doubt as to whom you should consult, you will always be safe in selecting a physician who is on the staff of a first-class hospital. Under no condition trust yourself to an advertising physician or

one who claims to practice some special "pathy." Such doctors are mostly ignorant and poorly qualified. The degree "M.D." from a high grade medical school is the best guarantee of honesty and skill. Having selected your physician, give him your full confidence, and do not change without a very good cause. Do not try to diagnose or treat your own ailments; and above all avoid the use of all advertised remedies and patent medicines. They are cheap imitations of scientific treatment and are valueless.

HEALTH AND THE COLLEGE ROUTINE¹

PRESIDENT ADA LOUISE COMSTOCK

Radcliffe College

Former Dean of Smith College

. . . We are all aware that many of the conditions prevailing in colleges are favorable to health. One of these is the regularity of college life. In colleges for women, even where no attempt is made to fix an hour for going to bed, hours of sleep tend to be fairly regular. In all colleges there is an alternation of work and play, upon which there is general agreement. Work and play, study and relaxation, fall into a program; and college students are artists in using an extra ten minutes for recreation — as I often think when I see the students in our Radcliffe dormitories dancing a few steps before and after their meals. The year has its phases, and the whole effect of order, system, and coherence has, it seems to me, a supporting power not unimportant in maintaining health.

There is simplicity, too, in the college routine. In the women's colleges, though perfection has by no means been attained, great progress has been made in providing a diet which is simple and wholesome without being flat and monotonous. Dress is simple and, since the era of sport clothes began, so much neater, more comfortable and attractive than in my day, that if it were the sole index

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I should think civilization much advanced. Throughout the college world, there is, on the whole, neither excess nor want, and the result both in health of body and peace of mind cannot be doubted.

What the explicit aids to health in college are you have been hearing today. Health examinations, careful schemes of physical education, the requirement of systematic exercise, the effort to interest everyone in sports — these show yearly improvement. What the gain for women has been since the days of wand drills and Delsarte exercises can hardly be expressed in sober language.

One other element in the college life which seems to me to add greatly to its wholesomeness is its emphasis on the hopeful and encouraging aspects of existence. "A flood of joyous youth" was the phrase which a German friend of mine applied to a college he knew, and the joyousness is, of course, something more than mere animal spirits. It is the result in part of the hope and confidence with which these fortunate young people look to the future. In endeavoring to account for his vigor and endurance, President Eliot speaks of the fact that he has always been "expectant of good." Such expectancy may, I suppose, be counted among conditions favorable to health among college students.

In general, the effect of the college routine upon the health of students seems to me distinctly good. Seniors are ordinarily stronger than Freshmen, and wiser in their care of themselves and their health.

And yet the reports of those especially responsible for the guardianship of health in colleges are not consistently roseate. "There is, however, far too much preventable

illness," I read in one report. In another, the ideal of showing students the importance of good health habits is stated, with the gloomy commentary upon the discrepancy between the ideal and the fact. Obviously there are some enemies to health in college routine. Of these, some are perils which especially beset youth, as, for instance, the fondness for sweets and for eating between meals which lingers in college years. Many a group of college girls have I seen sit down to an afternoon tea of chocolate, sandwiches, ice cream, and fudge cake; and anyone who thinks boys more Spartan in their tastes has only to linger near a soda fountain in Harvard Square in mid-morning or afternoon. Some of these young gourmands seem equal to the strain upon their digestive systems; but any college physician knows that temporary discomfort and illness and occasional permanent damage result.

There is, too, to be reckoned with the revolt of youth against too great regularity, a routine too carefully prepared. Late hours tempt some, even when the aid of tea and coffee has to be invoked against sleepiness. The excitement of stronger and more dangerous stimuli and of adventures in perilous fields will claim a few victims. More common is the tendency to indulge in orgies of work — just before examinations, for example; and orgies of play, as in the case of some of the college proms. College edicts and pronouncements are of little avail against these tendencies which appear in so many forms and so many degrees; and the game which the college administration must play is to use every means, direct and indirect, to rob these temptations of their charm. The back-fire of encouraging a period of training before athletic

events is one of these methods; and in general, the only sound procedure, I suppose, is to establish ideals of conduct and living with which the foolish, wasteful use of bodily powers is inconsistent.

Some conditions peculiar to the college have, I think, their unwholesome aspects. For some students the great assemblage of their contemporaries brings fear and a sense of oppression. For some — and these not the least conscientious — the constant compulsion to self-improvement becomes a goad, helpful neither to mind nor nerves. We laugh today at the Gradgrind school; but every enthusiastic believer in any special type of education ought occasionally to read *Hard Times* and to reflect upon the fates of Tom and Louisa. To some young people the sense of being under close observation is extremely disturbing; and in these days of mental tests and *personnel* officers (hopeful as I am of good results from them) we need to bear in mind, I believe, that great harm may result from a clumsy or ill-judged invasion of a young person's privacy. Any one who has much to do with college boys and girls must realize that he is in a constant dilemma. Somehow the idealism which is based upon ignorance of reality must be converted into the idealism which can bear the impact of facts. Frankness, candor, keen criticism, and analysis are often necessary; and yet to break down with impatient hands the reticence of a sensitive, groping personality is a dangerous thing. Stevenson describes some task as calling for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. Here, for the administrative officer, is such a task.

And yet the foes to health in the college routine are easily manageable compared to those which assail the

college from outside. The general conditions of our time, the confusion between recreation and amusement, between work and busy-ness, are felt constantly in the college. Not alone in the week-ends and the short vacations from which the students return wearied and ailing, but in their whole idea of the *tempo* of life do they suffer. The delicious fatigue which follows sustained effort has come to be a rare luxury in these days, and we have instead, both in college and out of it, the miserable restless fatigue of irritable nerves which results from incessant, unrelated, and unfruitful effort.

As I see it, the college health problem has little to do with the combating of disease and a great deal to do with fostering the increasing strength of people not yet mature, laying the foundation for a strong and capable life. It affords an ideal field, I should suppose, for the practice of preventive medicine. Health and work — how they can and should serve each other — is the theme for the college health officer.

In the improvement of health in colleges a number of forces are active. The positive efforts now being made in departments of hygiene and physical education and health are growing yearly in definiteness and extent. I am glad to be able to state here the vote of the council authorizing the appointment of a health officer at Radcliffe whose duty shall be to give each student a health examination each year and to hold office hours at which questions of college health can be brought to her — the general conception of her position being “that she shall deal with questions of health as they come up in connection with college work and activities; that she shall not give treat-

ment; and that her general aim shall be to establish in the minds of students the purpose of maintaining a high level of health and physical fitness." The increase of outdoor life in this country, the summer camps, the automobile camping parties, have their effects upon the promotion of ideals of wholesome living; and among women the greater objectivity of their lives is important to health. Travelers' Insurance insures women only against death, no payments being made to women on account of injury resulting in loss of time, the assumption being, I suppose, that a woman's life may be valuable to her family but that her time has no financial value for herself. More and more women are coming to feel, however, that whether in their homes or elsewhere, their work is important and their fitness for it a matter of concern; and the effect on their respect for health is apparent. Graceful invalidism has lost its charm.

Yet neither in the world nor in colleges have we put the maintenance of health, I think, exactly where it belongs. In intellectual matters, the movement just now is for the integration of the separate courses, so that a student may have before him the idea of mastering a given field. Some colleges are going still farther in their effort to bring together the various elements in student life. At Antioch College health, financial responsibility, and responsibility in a job are associated with academic training in the hope of securing for the student a symmetrical development. At Reed College the subjects of study are regarded as material for the formulation by the student of a philosophy of life; and at intervals he is compelled to make trial formulations. Whether these

services will prove successful I do not know, but the idea back of them seems to me to be sound — that the interplay, the interpenetration of the various elements in life can neither be overlooked in the college routine nor taken care of by separate departments, proceeding without reference to each other.

In the classroom, as well as in the office of the college physician, the health of the students can be served; and in a sense, every teacher may be — perhaps, should be — a teacher of hygiene. I do not mean, of course, that he should give health advice; nor do I mean that teachers should show greater generosity than they do at present in excusing students for work which has been omitted on account of illness. My idea is rather that there should be in the classroom a greater insistence on the formation of right habits of work. We have all had experience in receiving from students pieces of work good enough in themselves, perhaps — possibly even brilliant — but accomplished by wrong methods. They have been the result of orgies of effort. They have been done in weariness, or feverishly, or with that half-hearted effort of the mind which, if it becomes habitual, weakens the mental fiber. To ignore the process by which such work has been done is to ignore a vital element. The business of the teacher, as I see it, is to teach the steady and vigorous and competent use of the mind. This is his best contribution to the intellectual development of the students, and it happens also to be a valuable contribution to health.

THE ÆSTHETIC LIFE OF THE COLLEGE GIRL

DEAN ELISABETH CONRAD

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When I was asked what place art, beauty, and the æsthetic have in the life of the American university of to-day, I passed the question on to several of my friends. I was surprised to find that they did not believe that there is or that there can exist such a thing as pure beauty in the atmosphere of modern materialism which, as it seems to the outsider, characterizes our semi-technical and professional universities. So my next impulse was to draw up an outline of some of the departments introduced by our best universities that enable the student with an artistic bent to secure technical training in a fine art — such as music, painting, landscape architecture, dramatic art, and house decoration — at the same time that he is working for his university degree. These highly developed departments are to my mind a very important indication that both the university administration and the college student grant to the artistic a place in democratic education.

Then I began to think of you, Freshmen. Many of you have never thought of yourselves as potential artists. Yet, surely, beauty and art are to play a great part in the lives of every one of you. As I see hundreds of Freshman girls come each year to the university, I wish there were

some way in which every one could take an inventory of the equipment with which she is starting, and then make a very general and possibly merely tentative estimate of that which she would like to add to her present culture and attainments. Many of these first estimates would be completely changed before the four years had passed; but even so, it would have paid her to pause and take stock. Possibly she would have come to see that neither the courses she has had nor the grades she has made — as such — constitute the chief value that she carries away with her at graduation, but rather the total of joy, and culture, and knowledge that her college years have given her.

There have been many attempts to define education and the value of college training. Many have tried to put into words that something I have chosen to call "equipment." One of the curious points is that a university seems to be an infinite storehouse from which the hundreds of individuals choose and carry away what they will, some mere odds and ends, others that which seems so unsuited to them that it seems hardly likely they will ever really use it, while others give the impression of having taken things out of their original packages so that their equipment is all ready for use. For, unlike the scholar of a few centuries ago, the university student of today, with rare exceptions, does not dedicate his life to abstract scholarship. It is rather as though he had stepped aside for a few years out of the main stream of traffic; though later on, these college men and women will take part — even responsible part — in what our newspapers and magazines constantly speak of as the

“onward struggle” of a “practical minded,” “efficiency mad,” “dollar valuing” world.

My own definition of the world might be very different from that just quoted, yet we all recognize the urge to speed, the necessity for “making good,” whether it be in a social, business, or professional sphere; so the Freshman as she enters the university should not forget that in four years, even less, her college education will be over. Every workman who aspires to rank as a skilled workman, knows that to be successful, he must have tools and master their use; so the college girl must bring back into the general world a knowledge which will enable her to hold her place and meet the demands of today, and she must have within her something which makes her able skillful, alert, — in other words, keeps her master of herself and of the situation. But she cannot have it without some vision of an ideal, and an appreciation of the noble and the fine.

How can she acquire this; and how, once acquired, can she keep it? This is “equipment” which it takes real judgment to choose, because it is so easy in trying to add ideals and high standards just to gather up something some one else — maybe a Junior or Senior you admire — has learned to prize and says you ought to have, but which you yourself see no point in. These ideals, these appreciations, are no more yours than her term papers or her voice which you admire. It is a pleasure, however, to see how rarely one finds among college women those whose sense of reality has been submerged by the artificial and the insincere. Inasmuch as æsthetic taste and a love of the beautiful, except for artists and specialists,

seem to have become connected in the popular mind with affectation and pose, the whole problem is to learn to recognize permanent beauty and real æsthetic values wherever they are met. It is a curious fact that one finds on every hand a manifest desire for perfection, and perfection is beauty, or our momentary conception of it. The artist who makes statues such as you and I cannot see as beautiful or true to life, is trying to express an ideal. The girl who appears in classes with rouge of curious hue on her cheeks, and paste of another shade on her lips, and her eyes and lashes heavy with black, looks almost as strangely fantastic, yet, she too is trying to express her conception of beauty. The young woman who drapes herself like an artist's model and goes thus clad to a dance, does so, you say, to attract attention. Probably so, but after all, this means that she too has tried to achieve the beautiful, as she understands it.

Have you ever stopped to realize what you do which brings on your best mood, your fullest sense of ability, and desire to go on with your most worthwhile plans? Did it ever occur to you that this was your æsthetic resource? You are going to need a resource of some kind to which you may turn for keen enjoyment and for recreation — not the kind which leaves you tired, cross, and dissatisfied with yourself and your work. You have, perhaps, stepped out of your house on a winter morning and felt with a thrill the tingle of the sharp air. The ability to get thrills in life is more valuable than you know. As some one has said, it is like recharging your batteries. The trouble generally is that people have not stopped to realize what possibilities there are, and so

imagine that thrills are to be found only in the field of extreme amusement, or sensational books and films. Mr. Cooper, writing in *Asia*, January, 1925, says, "Life has its high points. You risk your skin and in a moment when life balances with death, no matter how afraid you may be, you get a touch of the elemental value of existence — while wind and rain beat upon you, you brace yourself to swing the wheel as a giant wave comes crashing toward your little sailing ship. Some man trusts you above all other men, and you realize what friendship means. These are moments that give the zest and fire to life. These compensate for the sleepless hours when you remember the times you played the fool or the snob or the cad. These are the moments when conscience and memory alike are drowned in the fine physical and spiritual beauty of life."

Others find beauty and exhilaration of another sort, but as keenly enjoyable, in music. Have you ever gone with a friend to a concert and watched that friend forget to be tired or cross, under the influence of music, and come away with new life and enthusiasm? What a tremendous resource she has! Some one said once in my presence concerning a concert, "When you hear music like that, you think thoughts you forget to think otherwise. Somehow the sordid and the petty disappear." Can you turn to music and find that presently from elusive, haunting melody comes a feeling that, somehow, all the restless, chaotic, tumultuous condition which existed in you and around you is being set in order, smoothed as the rising tide on the seashore smooths out the sand that many feet had tumbled up? The melody

and harmony of the music have entered into the moment and, as it were, into the total experience of life. Or perhaps it was the heroic, the majestic, the defiant, that stirred depths of power and courage, and awakened visions within you, and lifted horizons, so that for days afterwards you were less afraid to attempt difficult things. Then, the next time you played or sang these compositions, you put into them more of this new conception of the artist's deeper meaning, and less of the extreme sentimental or the flashy.

If you do not find recreation in music, there are books — I wonder if you have still before you the discovery of the resources of poetry? I know a Freshman who is getting creative enjoyment out of Freshman English. His first sonnet came into my room the other evening for my admiration; and a few days before he had brought me a ballad. The joy of actual creation is worth working for. That Freshman knows the thrill of trying to make words shape themselves, not only into short story pictures, but into rhythms to carry his ideas. How much more the style, cadence, and pictures of the great poets are going to mean when you feel not only a reader's interest but a writer's appreciation of technique. What is the difference between the voracious and indiscriminating reader of all the new "thrillers" and the men and women of artistic perception who read authors as they turn to friends? Can an author give you a feeling of having brought to you for your acquaintance these friends of his, his characters, that you may know them and live their lives with them as he has, following their experiences as though they were your own, thrilled with their emotions,

contending in their struggles? What kind of thinker is this author? Do you come to him to hear his view of life, rising to your own keenest thinking to agree, to question, or disagree with him on certain points? For a few hours you have been at your best because you were in the company of a most distinguished man. As some one has said, "Have you walked in the woods with one who can see details and think philosophies? Have you watched Joseph Conrad's sailors round the *Cape of Storms*? Your spirits were refreshed and expanded, not because you were called to look at things, but because you learned to recognize the motive of the great symphony. A master has taught you its form — now you will listen and recognize its beauty though a whole orchestra weave shimmering veils of sound that half conceal it."

If neither books nor music appeal to you, there are other "recharging stations" for your batteries which are less often used. One of my own Freshman girls who last year was too restless for work under the usual college conditions, joined a class in sculpture and did not begrudge the long evening hours spent in modeling because she could feel and see these clay figures taking shape as she worked, growing more perfect, more real. She brought me photographs of a group of these clay models this fall.

I think one reason I object so decidedly when college dramatic clubs put on what they call "ultra modern plays," meaning those which depict the sordid or the questionable, is because there are such possibilities of fun as well as of beauty in dramatics. Acting is even more thrilling than "being" the characters you read in books, for in the play you can come right out before every

one, even your friends, and be some one entirely different from your everyday self. And then after the play, when you put on your own clothes and your own character, you catch yourself wondering what the coach would have said if you had slouched across the stage or spoken that way in the play. A critic in the *Theater* magazine the other day, commenting on a play cast, said, "The language spoken by the characters may have been English, but as enunciated by some of the *dramatis personæ* it sounded suspiciously like Chocktaw."

Not every one, however, cares for dramatics. I have a friend who loves buildings, etchings of cathedrals, and sketches of beautiful houses. It is her delight to find a few leisure hours in which to forget her work and copy some lovely drawing, even a detail of a graceful archway. Just after a trip to Europe, I found myself staying over in New York a few days, and as I had got the sightseeing habit, I continued it by studying some of the really beautiful buildings in New York. Hundreds of people probably look up at those buildings every day and enjoy them, yet thousands pass by who have not made friends with the great stone lions, or the rows of tall white pillars carrying the graceful Greek lines of a pediment above them. Have you ever tried to think out a beautiful building, or analyze what makes the beauty of some famous structure? Those of you who are going back to your own place in that traffic stream know that a community can express its sense of beauty and an æsthetic ideal in public buildings, parks, play-grounds, beautiful bridges, and carefully maintained boulevard flower beds and shrubbery. Within the last few years the com-

munity pageants and municipal theaters have added the dramatic phase which gives a wider scope to the development of a civic spirit of working for finer things. Private houses seem to me to be increasingly planned with an idea of the individuals who are going to live in them. I have been very much interested to see how many charming ideas are worked out by some of the students in House Decoration, and I think with pleasure of the artistic enjoyment and real delight these young women are going to get later on as they work out designs for livingroom draperies and bedroom curtains for a house into which they will want to put all they have acquired that is noblest and finest.

Whether it is in the creation of small or great things, we can agree with this writer who says, "Have we seen for ourselves a way of expression that meant something to us, that we would like to keep permanently recorded for others to share? With a broad tolerance, let us put it down in ink, in colors, in plaster, in clay, where it can be appraised and enjoyed, or discarded in the perspective of a more critical mood. Putting our ideals in tangible form is a good habit to cultivate, and can bear excellent fruit if well hedged about with the work of others for comparison — the best of others — and cultivated with affectionate humor and exposed to wholesome rays of broad daylight rather than midnight oil. . . . Some have developed discrimination that gives delight in one mode of art or another, but after all, appreciation of beauty is an attitude, a readiness to grasp the harmonious relation between form and ideal."

Part of the equipment, then, of a college-trained woman,

which is going to be invaluable to each one of you, is that true appreciation of the beautiful which will always have in your lives a triple value: First, in the enjoyment of the things themselves, of art, music, and literature, in their varied forms, as you turn to them naturally and confidently for delight; then that recharging value, the new power gained by forgetting yourselves possibly for just a moment or for a few hours, as in that time you find again a true perspective, whether for your struggles, annoyances, or the work you really love; and finally that habit of companionship with finer things as with finer people, which makes the second-rate lose its appeal. You do not turn it down deliberately, you simply do not find it attractive, and this is after all the trained æsthetic judgment which we call good taste, and recognize as the mark of worthwhile personality.

DANCING¹

BEATRICE FORBES-ROBERTSON HALE

Since America emancipated herself from the narrow aspects of Puritanism — that is, in the last quarter century — she has devoted enormous attention to the arts, and bids fair to become in the near future the world's great art-producing center. But her advance is coincident with a wave of anarchy in all the arts, originating mainly in Europe, and symptomatic of the iconoclasm in beliefs and opinions to which I have already referred. The result is an almost inextricable confusion in taste, a kind of æsthetic jumble-sale, in which the best jostles the worst for place. Paintings of the greatest beauty and vitality rub frames with nightmare cubist monstrosities; orchestras of the highest technical skill discourse the strains of a cannibal orgy, and department stores designed like Greek temples display textiles which would give a savage myopia.

These cross-currents are nowhere more pronounced than in the art of dancing. In the last decade we have seen professional dancing raised by such exponents as Isadora Duncan and Pavlowa (to name but two) to an intellectual and æsthetic zenith. Simultaneously we

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have seen the dance as an amusement decline from the atmosphere of the ballroom to the cabaret.

It would be bigoted to condemn all modern dances. They can be graceful and pleasant enough. But I think none are really good, because the underlying emphasis is wrongly placed. Here, as in all other matters affecting the young, we must analyze intention.

Dancing as an amusement is limited to three purposes. Its end can only be exercise, grace, or sensuality. Obviously the more it expresses the first two, and the less the last, the better for the dancers. Any one who loves youth and happiness must believe in the dance; the only question is, what kind of dancing are we to have? Where shall the emphasis be placed?

Historically, the Nordic race has developed two main dance forms, the country dance and the dance of ceremony. The country dance is square or round, performed to jig music. It is exceedingly cheerful and lively, ending usually in a test of physical endurance. The dance of ceremony, the gavotte, pavanne, or minuet, is slow and formal, its music tuneful and delicate, its whole emphasis laid on grace. It is one of the most charming of the minor arts. Both these schools of dancing have existed for many centuries and are our only terpsichorean inheritance. Close personal contact with partners is never found in the formal school and only momentarily in the country dance.

Modern dancing, on the other hand, is not only new, but foreign. The waltz comes no farther than from Vienna, but more recent importations are Spanish-American, their music mainly Negroid. The historic

emphases are lost, to be replaced by a languorous sensuousness, or sensuality, according to the dancer. We should doubtless regret this change more if we ever analyzed it, but we are not an analytical nation. Moreover, in this as in so much else, we have put ourselves in the hands of commercial agencies. Our music publishing firms decide for us what music we shall dance, and the music in turn decides the step.

It will be said that the music publisher "gives the public what it wants," just as it is said of the theatrical manager. But the public never knows what it really wants, but soon learns to think it wants what it is given. In these matters suggestion and habit are all; inherent wants are not even formulated, much less voiced. The instincts of the young do not change. Normal youth expresses itself in energy, gayety, fun. Cultivated youth is readily interested in the mastery of a difficult technique. But youth responds to example, to suggestion. And youth is self-conscious, fearful of ridicule. Therefore, wherever the social emphasis is placed, youth will follow blindly, even against its own instincts — that is, against its own "wants."

This is no mere theory. I write empirically. In my village we came to the conclusion that we preferred native to foreign amusements, and re-introduced the Morris dance and the jig with the happiest results. Our young people took to them delightedly; they had no idea dancing could be such fun. Their faces while dancing are now smiling and buoyant; gone is the unpleasantly vacant and slumberous expression characteristic of the modern ballroom. In *The Brimming Cup*, Mrs. Canfield writes of

the same experience in Vermont, and though I have not enquired, I do not doubt that she writes from actual observation.

In the city, country dances would probably not be practicable. Space is too limited, and city life is too tiring for any but the very young to find strength for a jig. But there is both room and energy enough for the art of formal dancing. Would it be fantastic to suggest the re-introduction of the square dance? Would it be too far-fetched to prophesy that in ten years' time we shall be dancing the minuet? Stranger revolutions, and less desirable ones, have occurred. The more languorous our dancing becomes, the farther will the social pendulum swing toward vigor or toward grace. Probably quite a light touch would suffice to give direction to the swing.

Let us imagine that a dancing master, attached to a first-class school in, say, Chicago, insists upon teaching the sixteenth century dances of ceremony, using, for example, the music of Edward German. Or let us imagine a splendid revival there of *Romeo and Juliet*, with a pavanne danced in the ball scene. What a revelation of graceful movement! What intoxication of lovely melody! Girls see new possibilities of charm. Boys, awkward and dissenting at first, follow where girls lead. The Middle West catches fire. It proclaims the renaissance of the dance. It lifts a proud head crowned with the diadem of taste, and scornfully regards the "effete" East. The East turns in its sleep, sneers, cavils, and imitates. It invents a more beautiful pavanne, and triumphs over the Middle West. The Far West responds

with a gavotte of still greater loveliness. Paris dives into her libraries, and unearths the forgotten minuets of her own unexampled eighteenth century. The Art of Dancing is reborn!

A pretty dream. . . . But after all, why not?

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE COLLEGE GIRL

DEAN KATHARINE S. ALVORD

DePauw University

Of course many people have asked why you are going to college. That is one of the first questions that suggests itself to a person when in conversation with a girl who is of college age. And there are always the customary answers: Because all the others do; to get ready to earn a living; to please the family. But down deep in the heart of every true young woman is the real answer: To make the most of myself in order to fill my place in the world happily and usefully. So a girl goes to college with high hopes of putting off the things that will hinder and of developing those things which will help her to realize her deep desire of becoming a cultured, highminded gentlewoman.

And the college, particularly in her intellectual, social, and physical development, helps her to realize this ideal. But she knows that there is another side that may not be touched by the instruction in the classroom, nor on the athletic field. She knows that the real self — the "I," that part of her that is immortal — is sometimes submerged by the new experiences and has to struggle through the first college years in order to find itself. There will be times when she will ask herself: What is it all about, and how shall I achieve those things in life that

are eternal? Of course the answer to this is that our spiritual nature needs training and developing if we are to come into a realization of our best selves.

I do not suggest that most girls do not go to church and other religious services while they are in college; but I do mean that we overlook or disregard the real essence of our religious life; that we fail to realize how truly we must live in close relation to God if we are to develop according to the standard we have set and the pattern we desire to follow. In other words, although I know how personal is our spiritual life, I would urge every young woman as she looks forward to college or as she enters her college life to remember that being religious and going to church are not necessarily one and the same thing. True religion has been defined by St. James as "visiting the fatherless" and "keeping ourselves unspotted from the world." Translated into the language of today, this means that we are to carry Christ's spirit of service into the world, to know right from wrong, and to live that knowledge because we are following the Supreme Teacher. To put it another way, the religious life on the campus must be both ethical and spiritual and must be grounded deep in the very structure of the student body if it is to be worth anything.

I would not have you think that church services, attendance at religious meetings, and participation in the activities of the Christian associations are not of help. You would not feel a great deal of enthusiasm for college athletics if you never saw a game. But I am trying to make you see that *mere* observance will not take the place of living a Christlike life, nor ceaseless activities even in

religious organizations compensate for the lack of moral stability.

In college you may find those who are quite indifferent to the need of religion. Perhaps they have been active in church work at home, but the feeling of freedom, of independence which comes to them in their new surroundings expresses itself in suspension of all regard for religious affiliation. For a time religious expression seems crowded out by the multitude of things that demand attention. But should we not try to remember that we cannot get away from the need of spiritual life? That we must have religion to "discover life's objectives"? That we need "knowledge to reveal the most efficient means to reach these objectives"? That we must have fellowship with those who are seeking eternal things? So the young woman who feels her life so full of trivial and important things that she has no time for Bible study, for some religious meeting, for living close to the Divine Being, — that young woman is not finding the way of life.

An English writer said not long ago, "It is a problem, of course, how to lure the modern child to the Bible that his parents never read. And yet if we lose the habit of it, I am sure we are robbing him of a great inheritance. The child of tomorrow cannot afford to be a stranger to the greatest and finest tales in the language any more than he can afford not to be closely and personally acquainted with the presence and power of the Nazarene." Nor can the *mother* of the child of tomorrow be ignorant of the beauty and sublimity of the Bible nor of the spiritual guidance of God's word.

There is another much smaller group that you may

find in college. Perhaps we might call them, as Dr. Albert Parker Fitch does, the young Radicals who have growing pains because they are beginning to use their minds and so want to repudiate everything old. Religion is old. In some form it has been in the world always because man has yearned always for something outside himself, bigger than himself, which will satisfy a longing and a need. So these young Radicals are inclined to think that scientific knowledge or philosophical perplexities fill that need because they are learning for the first time how much there is in the world which they do not understand. They may think that they are exhibiting great intellectual acumen. But don't be misled; when a real need comes we all turn to a divine power that we call God.

And so as you think and plan about college, keep before you what cultivation of the religious life means in your development. You cannot set apart one hour or one day when you will grow in grace and develop your spiritual forces, because every hour and every day should be filled with the power of true religion. In every relationship on the campus your religion can express itself: in honesty in the classroom; in truthfulness; in help for the less fortunate; in freedom from petty gossip; in forgiveness; in fine friendliness; in courage under disappointment. Truly in learning Christ's way of living you will live so that you will realize the high ideal that is yours when you are at your best, and so your Alma Mater will be honored by your life.

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The freshman girl



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